V. 30, 1940

Liberty 5¢

STRAIGHT TALK TO DRAFTED MEN AND THEIR FAMILIE

by General Robert Lee Bullard

FLEW INTO BATTLE IN A BRITISH BOMBE

Leisure for Living

MORE FREE TIME FOR MOTHERS

THAT'S MY PARTY-PLATFORM!

There's ***health*** and ***convenience*** in that roomy Westinghouse refrigerator! Five kinds of cold to keep all kinds of perishable foods ***market-fresh*** just as good food stores do it.

Do you still "dunk the dishes?" Please ***don't!*** The Westinghouse Dishwasher will save your hands —and give you cleaner dishes!

Appoint yourself boss of a fast, economical We inghouse Electric Range. Enjoy delicious me with least work and bother, in a cooler kitch Simple! . . . Clean! . . . Safe! . . . Carefree cooki

Look! Here's equipment to do your laundry at home without washday drudgery The inexpensive Westinghouse Washer and Ironer save time—are easy on clothes!

Every house needs

Westinghouse

THE *Leisure Line* OF *ELECTRIC* HOME APPLIANCES

Enjoy bonus hours of freedo with these sparkling new app ances. Westinghouse quali assures extra years of servic

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Tune in "Musical Americana," N. B. C. Red Network, Coast-to-Coast, every Thursday evening.

Look!

TAKE PICTURES LIKE THESE

with the

Vacation Thrills can be saved for your memories. Clear pictures are so easy to take with a "Cub".

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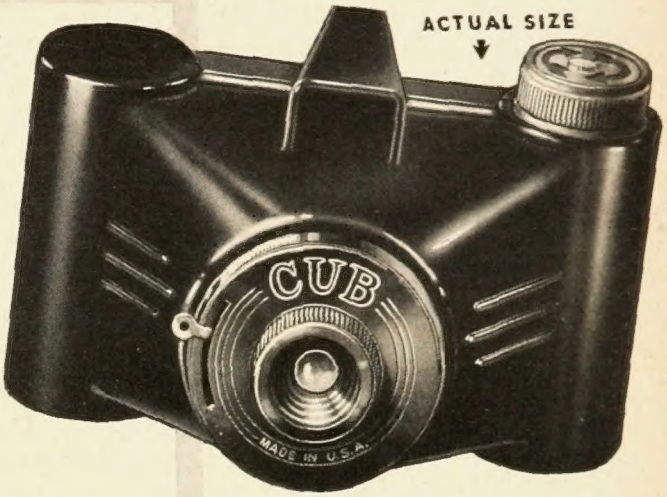
NEW 1941 MODEL "CUB" CANDID CAMERA



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5. High quality ground and polished lens.
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9. Uses EASTMAN KODAK 828 Film, available everywhere.
10. Simplified construction — merely aim and click shutter.

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Find out how to get your Camera!

● Here's all you do: Go to your store. Buy a package of Pepsodent Tooth Paste, Tooth Powder, Liquid Dentifrice or Antiseptic. Then take the complete carton and mail it, together with your name and address, to Pepsodent, Chicago. Be sure your name and address are plainly written on the carton or a slip of paper attached. Enclose 15c. That's all! You'll get your camera, postpaid, in a few days!

You get a real $1 value for only 15c! Not a toy! Not a plaything! But a new 1941 model, pocket-size camera that takes pictures equal to those taken by cameras costing many times as much! And best of all, it uses standard size Eastman Kodak film, available everywhere.

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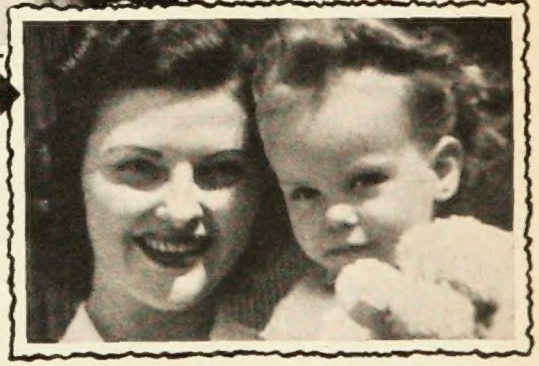
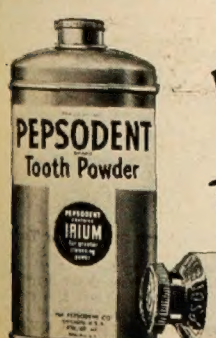
You'll get a double thrill! First, you'll learn how much brighter your teeth and smile can be when you use a Pepsodent Dentifrice. Because all forms of Pepsodent contain Irium... the "plus" that makes cleaner, brighter-looking teeth! Second, you'll get a fine camera that will give you many happy moments. So take advantage of this offer now. Go to your store today!

Beautiful enlargements like this (at right) ...can be made from pictures like the actual unretouched photograph (above) taken with the "Cub" Candid Camera!





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Both Contain IRIUM

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Please send me, postpaid, a "Cub" Candid Camera. I enclose 15c (cash, do not send stamps) and a carton from a package of Pepsodent

Tooth Paste ☐ Tooth Powder ☐ Liquid Dentifrice ☐ Antiseptic ☐

*My Name Is*_____ (Please print plainly)

*Address*_____

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NOVEMBER 30, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 48

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

WAR-HEALTH-DOCTORS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Approximately 375,000 people in this country lost their lives during 1918 from influenza. About 125,000 died in 1919; 107,000 in 1920. It was in 1918 that our boys began to train for the World War.

The cause of influenza was supposed to be a germ acquired from foreign sources. An added danger is its frequent development into pneumonia. But now that American boys are again in training, it is quite appropriate that further investigation be made.

We have various systems of doctoring—the allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, naturopaths, chiropractors, and a number of other systems of healing, the advocates of each system maintaining that their particular procedure is the best.

The death rate among the soldier boys suffering from pneumonia was 34¼ per cent. They were treated in accordance with the allopathic measures advocated by the medical system that controlled the healing art in this country.

The osteopaths maintained that their mortality rate in treating the civil population—since they were not allowed to practice in army camps—was only ¼ of 1 per cent for influenza, as compared to 5 to 6 per cent under medical care. The osteopathic claim for pneumonia is a fatality record of 10 per cent as compared with the medical fatality record of 33 per cent.

Chiropractors, who were also excluded from army camps, claim a mortality record in the treatment of influenza of about 2.1 per cent. Chiropractors cite that in the last five years, out of 4,193 cases of influenza, 4,104 cases recovered. This is a record of 97.9 per cent recovery and a mortality rate of 2.1 per cent. In lobar pneumonia, of 364 cases reported, 322 recovered. This is a recovery rate of 91.2 per cent and a mortality rate of 8.8 per cent.

Figures on the naturopaths' results are not available but could be expected to be similar.

When the figures were published after the last war they attracted general public attention; but will our new soldier boys attacked by this ailment have to take the same treatment which brought such a disastrous mortality record? The medical department of army life should give some attention to the various methods in the treatment of this disease, and, in fact, all diseases.

Our boys enter the army. They are given serums of various kinds to protect them from diseases, and the exact effect of this treatment is certainly not similar in every instance. There are many different stages of health and disease, and the effect of these serums will depend upon the vital condition of the victims.

Training for soldiery is rather monotonous. Mealtimes are a pleasing variation, and very heavy eating is the rule, and even the heavy work is not always sufficient to use up the large food intake. Unless one has enough vitality to stand the functional strain, the tissues become loaded with toxins, and colds, pneumonia, influenza—almost any disease—is liable to appear.

If the doctoring system, upon the appearance of this disease, insists on the continuance of the three meals per day, unless the patient has the vitality of an ox he has but small chance to survive.

Doctors everywhere agree that the vitality can be raised to such an extent as to make the body immune to disease. Why is not such a system tested in the army?

It is reasonable to ask why the homeopaths, osteopaths, naturopaths, and chiropractors are not given a chance to demonstrate the value of their methods. Why give a monopoly of the healing art to one particular profession?

If the osteopaths' claim is accurate and their method had been universally used in 1918 in the United States, at least 450,000 lives would have been saved, even if all the victims had had pneumonia.

Were these lives worth saving? Are political favoritism, the rigid rules of medical ethics, or other questionable measures to interfere with the search for life-saving knowledge? There has been too much commercialism in the medical profession. There is too much hidebound ethical nonsense.

The science of healing is becoming more complicated year by year. We have specialists of all kinds, and the intricate methods used are given so much attention that the importance of normal functioning is sometimes forgotten.

Nothing should be too good for our boys who are training for war, and they should not be experimented on like guinea pigs. Nor should it be taken for granted that the serum injections to which they are subjected are what they pretend to be. So-called serum protection from disease is not compulsory in the British army, and our boys should also have the privilege of rejecting this pus-poisoning procedure.

Bernarr Macfadden

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1.

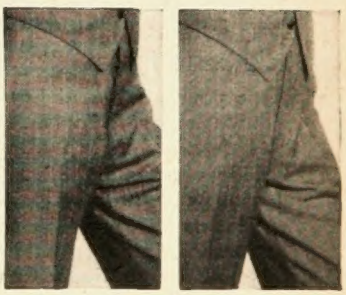
"BUT HE SOLD ME PANTS WITH A FAULTY SLIDE FASTENER"

2.

3.

4.

"**YOU'LL** NEVER GO ON THE WARPATH BECAUSE OF A FAULTY SLIDE FASTENER IF YOU REMEMBER WHAT THOUSANDS OF MEN SAID WHEN QUESTIONED BY 43 LEADING STORES. **FIRST, 3 OUT OF 4** OF THE MEN ANSWERING SAID THERE ARE BAD SLIDE FASTENERS ON THE MARKET. **THEN** (AND HERE'S HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!) BY A MAJORITY OF **70 TO 1,*** THESE MEN SAID THEY PREFER TALON SLIDE FASTENERS OVER ANY OTHER BRAND. **MORAL:** ALWAYS MAKE SURE THE SLIDE FASTENER IN YOUR PANTS IS A TALON FASTENER, AND YOU'LL HAVE NEVER A WORRY, NEVER A CARE!"



Remember (*left*) the offensive gaps often caused by the 5 old-fashioned fastenings?

Now (*right*) the Talon slide fastener gives neatness, convenience—locks at the top for security.

*Based on the thousands expressing a brand preference

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"TALON"—THE DEPENDABLE SLIDE FASTENER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

4 OUT OF 5 SHOULD GUARD AGAINST GINGIVITIS

AFFLICTING THOUSANDS —EVEN YOUNG FOLKS!

It's amazing how many people have Gingivitis and may not even know it. 4 out of every 5 may be victims. If *your* gums ever bleed or are tender and sore—BEWARE!

These are often signs of Gingivitis —a mild inflammation where gums join the teeth. IF NEGLECTED—this often leads to Pyorrhea with receding gums and loosened teeth which only your dentist can help. See him quarterly for gum inspection. At home—

Help Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. This effective Forhan's method:

1. Helps gums be firmer—more able to ward off infection.
2. Cleans dingy teeth to their "natural" brightness and helps remove acid film that often starts tooth decay.

Recommended and used by many dentists themselves for over 20 years. At drug and dept. stores. Weekend size at 10¢ stores.

FREE
50¢ GUM MASSAGER
Send empty carton from 50¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-12, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

MEN REHABILITATED ONLY TO BE DISQUALIFIED!

MOUNT CARMEL, PA.—Here's grist for Liberty's mill:

There is a Bureau of Rehabilitation of Labor and Industry in Pennsylvania which does a commendable job of aiding a physically handicapped industrial person in every possible way: by purchasing artificial limbs and paying to further his education so that he will be enabled to compete with other workers in business and industry.

A young man while attending school may sweat blood studying a preferred course, thinking it might qualify him for civil service. To his astonishment, he finds out the Civil Service Commission of Pennsylvania blacklists the physically handicapped person.

The government through one bureau spends money to rehabilitate a worker, while through another division the Civil Service Commission "defeats the purpose for which it was organized" by disqualifying him. — *Alex. Joe Concavage.*

IS GROUCHO FUNNY?

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Is Groucho Marx supposed to be funny in How I Beat the Social Game? (October 19 Liberty.) Even my ten-year-old daughter said, "When do we laugh?"—*I. C.*

And says Richard Wronski of Red Wing, Minnesota: "By all means, let's have more articles by Groucho Marx. To me, it seemed to be the funniest thing you've published in weeks."

CITIES OF FIVE FLAGS

MOBILE, ALA.—No. 9 in October 5 Twenty Questions asks, "What city has flown the flags of five nations?" Your answer is "St. Augustine, Florida." The answer might also be "Mobile, Alabama." In fact, Mobile is commonly referred to as the "City of Five Flags." —*Mina Higbee.*

HIGH PRAISE FOR BULLARD

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was much interested in reading the very splendid and forceful A Program for National Defense, by Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard (August 17 Liberty).

The more information of this sort is made available to the general public, the better they will understand the position of the United States in connection with the critical situation abroad. —*M. S. Sloan, President, Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad Company.*

NOT TOO DUCKY

DOUGLAS, ARIZ. — Suggest that you publish an analysis of your October 19 cover. We think we get the idea, all but the chauffeur. Here some say it's a duck, some say a lame duck, some call it a Muscovy duck. Or is it just plain goose?—*J. Le Roy Lancaster.*

[We can hear Donald Duck shrieking when he reads this letter! Imagine him squawking: "Call me a goose, hey! Might as well call Mickey Mouse a rat, then! Or Snow White Topsy's sister!" —VOX POP EDITOR.]

THE COLOR THAT RUNS

TULSA, OKLA.—The Black Shirts and Red Shirts have no monopoly in this matter of colored-raiment distinction. Certain Oklahoma individuals have decided upon Conscientious Objector Yellow as the hue to be unanimously adopted and worn by men who won't fight. (This does not mean the sincere conscientious objector. It does mean the slacker, the dodger, and the phony.)

The main objection to yellow is that it has a tendency to run.—*C. E. MacDonald.*

SMITHEREENS!

SEATTLE, WASH. — Liberty certainly has it in for Seattle's L. C. Smith Building. I remember Floyd Gibbons' Red Napoleon blasted the poor old building to smithereens, and now comes Fred Allhoff to really pulverize it in his Lightning in the Night. The pic has it toppling right smack on City Hall.

Maybe it's a "jedgment" on the City of Seattle for repudiating its Local Improvement Bonds and Warrants.—*Mary Helen Wilson.*

STICKS OUT HIS NECK

ORLANDO, FLA.—You ran an editorial note suggesting contributions to the Stick-Out-Your-Neck Department, an' here I go:

We're gonna have a nice bran'-new "recession" about 1945 that will leave this country with a swell case of Communism.—*Robert A. Warner, Orlando Pilot.*

PREFERS SECOND FEATURES

DETROIT, MICH. — So Eddie Cantor thinks second features are a curse comparable to the ancient black plague (October 5 Liberty).

A large majority of the second features in our local theaters consist of such pictures as the Dr. Kildare series, the Blondie series, Charlie Chan—and, believe me, they're darn good! Many second features are vastly more entertaining than the main feature.—*Harriette Cassidy.*

SCHOOLBOY'S RETURN

JOPLIN, MO.—Please let us have more stories like Schoolboy's Return, by Gordon Malherbe Hillman (October 5 Liberty).

What a beautiful story to read in times like these! War, war, war everywhere, and an author takes time out to write such a beautiful story. After reading this story, one could hardly help having some of his faith restored in the good that is in all people.—*Rita Brown Clark.*

LOVE SECRET

TULLAHOMA, TENN.—I would like to say to H. M. Williams (September 28 Vox Pop) what a smart man wrote on the subject of "love holding." "Before marriage," he says, "the more *she* yields the more she loves him, and the more she resists the more *he* loves her."

Would not this rule work after marriage, too?—*W. P. Hix.*

NEGLECTING OUR OWN?

STONY CREEK, CONN.—What, I wonder, are our underprivileged children between the ages of twelve and twenty thinking when they see how the évacué children of England and other lands have been taken in by the "cream of the crop"?

Is neglecting our own, pampering outsiders, good for Americanism?—*M. F. D.*

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to improve your general health, to enjoy, as thousands of users have, a new sense of vigor, even of optimism, to feel up-and-coming every day for work or play—you're going to read this message to the very last line.

Baffled at 47 feels like young man at 77

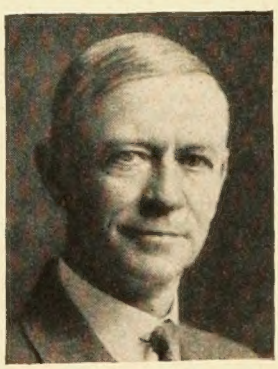
I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J.B.L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for $1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation.

Leopold Aul.
1505 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to tell you how I am getting along with the J.B.L. Cascade. As you know, I have been using it for only three weeks, but already my eyes have a brighter luster, my step is surer and springier, my sleep is better, my appetite is better and everything that I eat digests finely. I am less bloated.

Mr. James E. Battenfield,
610 So. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

A Doctor's Opinion of INTERNAL BATHING



I have been a user and prescriber of the J.B.L. Cascade for about twenty-eight years and now I wish I could convince everybody just what Internal Bathing means in the *maintenance and preserving of good health.*

A. L. DANIEL, M.D.,
518 Altman Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The above testimonials are only a few of the many that we have received from thousands of J. B. L. Cascade users—men and women of all ages, all walks of life. Perhaps you, too, might benefit in the same full measure if you suffer from constipation.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an Internal Bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real genuine true Internal Bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona fide Tyrrell Internal Bath is the administration into the lower intestinal tract of pure, warm water in which J. B. L. Cleansing Powder has been dissolved. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell. Now, here's where the genuine Internal Bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the late Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: the intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). In many cases the passage of the colonic wastes is delayed entirely too long. Result: an accumulation of long-retained impacted fecal matter that is bound to be uncomfortable at best. But, in the opinion of many authorities, this mass of waste may produce more serious results. From this state of chronic constipation may result—in the opinion of many—an increased susceptibility to colds, certain kinds of headaches, so-called rheumatic pains, listlessness and fatigue—sometimes various skin blemishes, not to mention other more serious attributed ills. Many authorities believe that you should be kept free of chronic constipation. Internal Bathing is an effective means. No harsh cathartics or laxatives. Through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade you can give yourself a high colonic irrigation—and right in the privacy of your own home. In only fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract—quick, hygienic action. As the intestinal muscles tend to be strengthened, the passage of waste is hastened. The use of the J. B. L. Cascade is non-habit forming.

Frequent Benefits

Taken just before retiring, for instance, it often induces sleep as restful as that of a child and often helps the user to arise in the morning—as many advocates of the J. B. L. Cascade have testified—with a new sense of vigor—with a new fund of optimism. Many, many men and women who have faithfully practiced Internal Bathing attribute these results and many others to this marvelous method of keeping clean inwardly.

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many citing results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L1130, 152 W. 65th Street, New York, N. Y.—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, INC.
152 W. 65th Street, Dept. L1130
New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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Street.....

City..... State.....

Miracle—American Style

MULTIPLY this picture by 25 million, and you have a miracle such as the world has never seen before—a miracle which is unmatched anywhere in the world today outside America.

It is the miracle of 25 million people owning and enjoying a mechanism as complex and competent as an automobile.

In a single year—this year, for instance—the industrial genius of America turns out some three million new cars—more than the *total* owned in any other country on the face of the globe.

Many things make this miracle possible—including the American railroads.

For mass production depends on *mass transportation.*

And what that means is this:

The materials needed for building automobiles come from every state in the union. Cotton must travel an average of 1,300 miles, copper 1,500 miles, wool 1,700 miles, lead 1,100 miles—iron and steel travel from mines to mills to factories where frames, bodies and other parts are made before arriving at the point where the cars are finally built.

Or to take it another way—for every working day, American automobile factories need 25,000 *tons* of iron and steel—450,000 square feet of plate glass—more than 900,000 pounds of copper. And for every car manufactured, it takes more than 2 tons of coal.

There are more than 17,000 parts in a single automobile—many of them made in widely scattered cities. One industrial writer has estimated that the materials in an automobile travel by rail an average of six times before the car finally rolls from the assembly line.

So the automobile industry has come to depend on the clocklike regularity of the railroads. Many plants handle parts straight from freight car to assembly line with no stored supply or "float" of motors, frames, wheels, transmissions or other parts on hand. This helps reduce the cost of your car.

Perhaps you have never paused to consider such facts as these—any more than you have realized that the food you eat, the clothes you wear, most of the things you use every day were brought together from every part of the nation by rail.

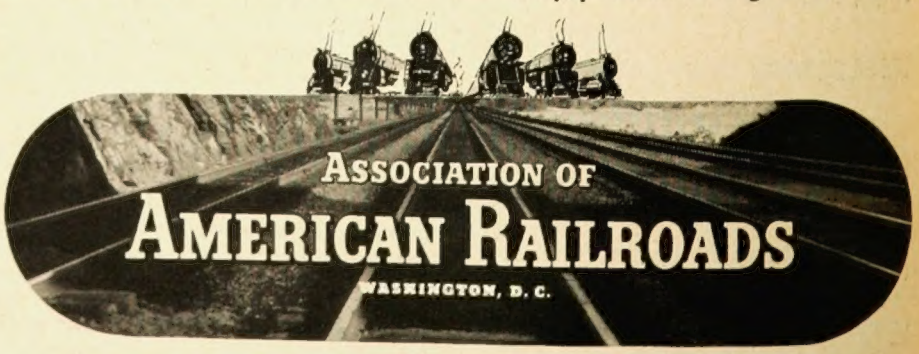
As a matter of fact, that's the finest tribute anyone could pay to railroad service. It works so dependably and smoothly, you almost forget it's there.

"SEE AMERICA" FOR $90

Start from your home town now on a Grand Circle Tour of the United States—east coast, west coast, border to border—go by one route, return by another—liberal stopovers—for $90 railroad fare in coaches—$135 in Pullmans (plus $45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth).

NOW—TRAVEL ON CREDIT

You can take your car along too
See your local ticket agent



BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

Author of Life Begins at Forty

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

NOW is the time to improve your personality. The world needs hundreds of thousands of men and women who impress people favorably and hence can persuade or command them. It needs them *now.*

Interest in the opposite sex is a third and important phase of personality.

7 steps TO PERSONAL SUCCESS

Information, inspiration, common sense! — A series for believers in democracy

Luckily, the arts of personality culture have improved greatly during the past ten years. While still far from complete, they serve anybody well who is willing to work hard. Shirkers and dawdlers will gain little from them. For personality culture is exactly like physical culture in one respect: it consists mainly of well planned exercises long persisted in.

I shall tell you what to do. But you must do it. I can't, except for myself. If you want to be somebody, you must do something. On this simple truth I base my entire personality culture.

"Yes, I do want to be somebody," say you. "Tell me how to improve my personality."

"What sort of a somebody do you want to be?" I then ask. And now our troubles begin.

Few people have made clear to themselves just what they'd like most to be. So I get remarks like these:

"I want superior people to like me as soon as they meet me."

"I want to overcome my feeling of inferiority."

"I want to regain my self-respect which I lost when I had to go on relief."

"I want my sweetheart to respect me."

"I want to sweep a big crowd off its feet with my oratory."

"I want to be a senator."

Now, such remarks don't reveal to me the kind of personality one wants to become. They suggest only certain advantages at which people aim. Any of a thousand kinds of personality might be liked by superior people. All depends upon the situation. Any of a thousand kinds of personality might win the respect of sweethearts. Again all depends upon the situation.

I can't hand you ready-made personality patterns. The best I can do is to show you all the phases of your personality on which you may have to work. Next I can show you certain strengths and weaknesses in each phase. From these you'll be able to plan the personality you can best become.

Somebody knocks at your door. You bid him enter. As he opens the door, you see a stranger. He halts for a moment. You take him in as you'd take in a picture.

You may observe him thus for only a second or two. Yet in that brief time you may form a *static impression* which persists for years and blurs later more thoughtful judgments of the man. His height, hair color, teeth, ears, feet, clothes, and pettier items of appearance fuse in your perception. You may say to yourself instantly, "I'd never trust that man." Or, "There's a fine man."

Here is the lowest and simplest phase of personality. It's much more potent than it ought to be. We can't escape it. At best, we can analyze it and keep it in its place, which is humble indeed.

The man steps up to you and starts talking. Now you see the second phase of his personality. It is *primary action.* It is the lowest level of behavior. He walks with a certain gait. He speaks at a certain pitch. He waves his left arm as he talks. He smiles. He looks away from you now and then. He grows more animated as he talks. He fusses with his necktie. He breathes deeply.

You are much more impressed by such actions than by the motionless form in the doorway a minute earlier. Actions always speak more loudly than looks.

While he explains his errand your pretty stenographer enters and tosses him a sly flirtatious glance. The man changes manner. His voice mellows. He glows. He edges toward the girl . . . And now you see in its simplest manifestation the sexual phase of personality. Usually this impresses beholders much more strongly than the first two phases do.

"I'm the best die caster in town," says the man after your stenographer

has left. "I want to see the employment manager about a job."

If you follow him out into the shop, you next see his fourth phase of personality—the worker on his job. The shop foreman puts him at a task, to test him. Now a new man appears. He is wholly unlike the fellow in your doorway, the fellow beside your desk, and the flirter eying your stenographer. His mind is on his task. So are his eyes, arms, and fingers. So is his whole body. I like to call this the *manipulative phase* of personality. It's man handling things to a clear end. It's man mastering something in physical nature.

The factory employs your caller. After a week, the foreman reports that the new worker doesn't get along very well with most of the other men in the shop. He creates the impression that he is above them all. When somebody chats with him, he replies curtly and moves off. He attends no meetings. He eats lunch alone. But he is far and away the best die caster in the shop.

Here appears the fifth phase—the social. It's man dealing with men. Man getting along with people—or failing to. It arouses powerful reactions in most individuals. They like or dislike the man intensely.

The personnel manager is worried over the fellow. He wants to keep him because he is highly skilled and a hard worker. But he can't have a sore spot in the shop; and this man gives promise of becoming just that. The other men are growing grudges against him, usually for petty reasons. So he calls him in and has a heart-to-heart talk. He soon finds that the man is superior; he has a powerful ambition to design a new aviation engine at which he's been toiling for nine years.

The manager asks to see the plans. He finds them highly original and practicable. He is convinced that this die caster may soon be rich and famous as an inventor. Here is laid bare the sixth phase of personality, most often called *urge*. It is an inner compulsion to do something. It is the opposite of a job motive. Most peo-

"This dame thinks too much of her skin and hair. She won't think enough of me. Good-by, Annabelle."

ILLUSTRATOR HAROLD ELDRIDGE

ple seek jobs to keep alive. It is an animal necessity. But the urge is not that at all. It aims at something far beyond mere existence. It often runs counter to bread-and-butter interests, as we shall soon see. It's the stuff of which genius is made.

"Why not join the workers' club? Why not spend two nights a week with the boys? They'll like you better," suggests the manager.

"Impossible," says the die caster. "I'm studying seven new alloys. I must find out which will serve best

for my valves and for my cylinder linings. I haven't time to run around. I need every waking minute. I'm unhappy and restless when I'm away from my engine."

And here comes to light the seventh and last phase of personality. Psychologists call it *drive*. It is the flow of energy in the directions set by the urge. It's man working for an end in himself. The urge is the self-starter. The drive is the gasoline and the ignition system that keep the engine running in the direction it's been started.

HERE are the seven phases of personality. Now for the first great truth.

It is possible to be somebody within each phase. Or within any two or more phases. Or in all seven.

The seven phases have been arranged in the order of rising importance. The first is most trivial, the second a little more important, the third considerably more; and so on up to the seventh, which is the most important of all.

All human beings have the first two phases. Nearly all have the third (the sexual). A majority have the fourth in some measure. Almost everybody has the fifth. But few have the sixth, and fewer still have the seventh.

Now, where do you stand? Find out soon. On your answer will depend your whole course in personality culture. What are your present assets? What your liabilities within each phase? Once we know these, we can map your program accurately. We do it on the basis of the most important of all practical rules. This rule has never before been published. It will be attacked by many people attached to other kinds of personality culture. But luckily it can be proved so simply that it stands up against all onslaughts.

Here is the rule, reduced to simplest terms. Commit it to memory, please.

Nine times out of ten, a strong trait in a higher phase reduces the relative importance of traits in lower phases.

When the exception occurs, it is due to some peculiar function, motive, or purpose in the personality.

What does this mean? Well, take an extreme instance. A man driven by a high ambition into which he pours endless energy has scant need of neatly pressed pants or a well scrubbed neck or a ruby stickpin in his tie. To command a squadron of bombers no woman needs a peaches-and-cream complexion or even a natty uniform. Stanley didn't need a haircut to find Dr. Livingstone.

Even in the sexual phase, the most famous women have been far from pretty as pictures. Cleopatra was dumpy and moon-faced. Yet she overwhelmed men after a little while because of her supreme femininity, which is submissiveness. All her friends and all her enemies agreed that her most conspicuous personality trait was her powerful wish to please people by doing whatever they wanted of her. "Thy will be done" was her ruling urge. And that's what I mean by submissiveness. When it is powerful, the woman need not be "as pretty as a picture." She needn't doll up at all.

Many a man suspects the highly decorated female. To himself he says: "This dame thinks too much of her skin and hair. She won't think enough of me. Good-by, Annabelle."

Find out how to improve the various phases of your personality! Professor Pitkin's next article will appear in an early issue.

The man is right. To attend much to one's surface is to go the way of Narcissus. It is to go egocentric. And that means the opposite of love. For all love, both worthy and vile, accepts the will of the beloved as the guide to action.

So too with all the other phases. If you "have something" in any one, you may dispense with something in a lower phase. Or, to be more precise, you are less dependent upon the lower phase. One of the most powerful social personalities in our day is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Does she need fancy make-up? On the contrary, it would make her ridiculous. She is too great, too strong in her higher phases.

Tom Edison had the strongest urge and drive of any modern man, I think. He lived every hour in his ideas and his experiments. Would he have been a finer personality if he had been more like Lucius Beebe and Rudy Vallee? Absurd, of course. Utterly absurd. And why? The highest phases of personality make superfluous the lowest.

By the same token, whoever lacks all the higher phases simply must make the most of the lower he happens to have. People who amount to nothing must develop their picture qualities and their animal behavior to the utmost. All mass exploitation of personality culture has to build on this fact. You find plenty of books and courses and charts and paint and hair grease and nail polish to help all the little nobodies who sigh to be somebody.

Yet, as I said, we must begin right where all such forlorn enterprises do. For appearances are the world's first contact with you. We cannot ignore them, even though we may pass beyond them.

THE END

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I FLEW INTO BATTLE IN A BRITISH BOMBER

THE little bomb-loading carts rumbled past as we stood there on the tarmac of the R. A. F. airdrome. They were all empty except one, which still cradled a large yellow high-explosive bomb. "Happy," the flight lieutenant, pointed at it.

"See that one? You're going in its place. But we'll do our best not to drop you on the other side."

Out on the long runway our formation of bombers were all set for the take-off. Our pilots and crews were ready too. But the weather wasn't and that made things tough.

For the worst part of a bombing raid is not the moment you're over the target watching the antiaircraft shells bursting all round you and feeling the impact of the explosions, or when you're twisting and turning in the sky, battling with enemy fighters. The really nerve-racking period is standing by for the take-off signal from the dispatching officer, once you're ready. I know, because we waited three hours that morning.

As this was the first time any war correspondent had been given permission to fly over enemy territory on an actual bombing raid, I hoped to set a good example for others who might follow by coming back to write the story.

Flight instructions were to carry out an "offensive patrol" over certain of the German invasion ports. Targets for the day included enemy supply ships, any concentration of small vessels, oil tanks and wireless stations along a hundred-mile stretch of coast line. This trip was going to be no joy ride. The last time the boys had gone out on a similar daylight reconnaissance raid over these same objectives, none of the aircraft had returned.

There were five of us in the squadron leader's "kite." The two pilots, wireless operator, and tail gunner had all done more than thirty daylight raids over Norway and innumerable other "action" flights. It was comforting to know that this wouldn't be any worse than some of the jobs they'd done, like bombing the German battle cruiser Scharnhorst and other naval units.

"Big Willie," the co-pilot, had more than 1,000 hours of operational flying to his credit since the outbreak of war.

"Do you ever feel just a little nervous?" I asked him.

He looked at me in amazement.

"Do I ever feel nervous? Every damned time! But so far I've been lucky. The jerry pilots I've been up against have been just as nervous or a little more so."

Finally the weather decided to lift. The Wright cyclone motors of our American-built Lockheed Hudsons sang sweetly as they warmed up. These airliners, which fly over many commercial routes in the United States, had been converted into flying fortresses for Britain. Power turrets and machine guns bristled everywhere.

Down the runway we roared, and then made a farewell circuit of the airdrome. Four hundred miles ahead of us now over the North Sea before we'd reach our first objective.

The first hour passed quickly. All was well. No sign of anything. Just the choppy sea below, gray clouds with an occasional patch of blue above.

There isn't much to do on a bomber till the fun begins. "George," the automatic gyropilot, takes over at the controls and every one relaxes just a little. The navigator checks the course once in a while, the wireless operator keeps an ear open for any signals from group command, and the air gunner practices with his gun sights by training them on sea gulls. I discovered, by the way, that sea gulls have a very disconcerting trick of looking like Messerschmitts when you first see them in the distance.

Tacked to the cabin wall was a sign which read:

"Visit the beauty spots of Scandinavia. Daily service by fast modern armoured airliners. Excellent cuisine —all windows face the sea. Other tours by arrangement. Write, phone, or ask the driver."

The boys hadn't lost their sense of humor.

Flying over this wide stretch of water, I thought of a few planes I'd seen return from one of these "tours." Enormous holes in the wings, parts of the tail fin and rud-

There were five of us in the squadron leader's "kite." The four others had all done more than thirty daylight raids.

der shot away, the fuselage riddled with shrapnel. One had limped more than 300 miles on one motor. The pilot had told me later how he'd aged about twenty years that afternoon. The following morning I met him at the operations room. He was very angry. Orders had come through for a flight that day back to the same place where he'd been caught. His name wasn't on the list and he resented it.

Another hour, and then Big Willie motioned for me to come up into the pilots' compartment. He pointed to a darkish blur on the horizon.

"That's it—Norway. And the indentation in the coast straight ahead is the entrance to Stavanger Fjord."

Just then there was a burst of machine-gun fire. I guess I must have jumped a bit, because he tapped me on the shoulder and said reassuringly, "It's O. K.—nothing yet—we always test the guns before going in."

Behind and on either side of us the other planes in our formation had closed in. We were now in such a tight V that their wingtips were not more than ten feet from our tail fins. A little disconcerting to watch if you're not used to it. But it meant that if we were attacked by German fighters we'd be able to set up a terrific cross fire from our rear turrets and midship guns.

We were approaching land now and traveling fast. The altimeter registered 3,500 feet. We skirted along the base of the clouds. No difficulty in finding the targets at that height.

Exclusive! . . A daring Liberty reporter cables one of the war's great news stories

BY ROBERT LOW

The shore line was just below us when the first antiaircraft battery opened up. A group of about ten white puffs appeared below and to the right of us. We could feel the wing lift a little as they burst.

Ahead in the center of the fjord were two large supply ships. They were the ones we were after. But the Germans had ideas about that, too. From either side of the fjord a curtain of shells whizzed up. They were not aimed at us but sent up as a barrage over the targets. If we were going to hit the ships, we'd have to fly right into the thick of it.

We climbed 300 feet into the cloud. Big Willie was up forward now in the glass nose of the plane, setting the bomb-release switches. Over the intercommunicating telephone attached to our flying helmets I heard him shout to the squadron leaders at the controls, "Hold your course now for about thirty seconds—then we'll drop down."

A moment later the squadron leader pushed the stick forward.

"Hold your hats, boys—here we go!"

As we shot out of the mist we could see the ships ahead dead in line with our nose. We were in a fairly steep dive and moving fast, so fast that there wasn't time to look at the antiaircraft fire. The ships were growing in size at a terrific rate. When we were almost directly over them we leveled off with a motion that seemed to tear your insides right out. Then the plane seemed to step up—once, twice, three times. That was our "stick" of bombs dropping one by one.

I could see the explosions as they hit. Columns of water shot up, screening the ships from view for an instant. But this was not the moment to dally. We were aware of that barrage now. And it was mighty unhealthy.

The throttles were opened wide and we climbed at an angle of more than forty-five degrees. Over the telephone the rear gunners reported, "Two hits and several near misses." That sounded pretty good to the squadron leader. Now he wanted to know whether the rest of the boys were O. K. We climbed 3,000 feet and emerged into brilliant sunshine. Yes, they were just below us. We joined formation again.

It was nice and peaceful up there, but not for long. We were not alone, it seemed. Nine Messerschmitt 109s had been waiting to give us a warm welcome. They were about three miles away and coming toward us.

We turned sharply to bring our guns to bear, and then headed down for that cloud cover, going as fast as we could. The Messerschmitts came into range as we disappeared into the mist. The rear turrets gave them a long burst.

In what we judged to be the middle of the cloud layer we leveled off and turned south for Lister. That was the advantage we had over the German fighter patrol. They didn't know in which direction we were heading, and they had no chance of finding out so long as we stayed in the cloud. After twenty minutes we climbed gently and poked our heads out for a quick look. We emerged to wait for the other two. They rejoined us within a few minutes.

Because there's something awfully pleasant about company at a time like that, we seemed to huddle together in formation closer than ever as we dived down to find the big wireless station at Lister.

The German camouflage was pretty good. We cruised around the small Norwegian town and the islands off the coast for quite a while, looking for our objective. There was periodic antiaircraft fire but nothing compared to Stavanger. Why, they were only sending up ten to fifteen a minute! I thought for a moment that I was getting blasé. But I realized I wasn't when the gunners began to get the range. Finally we spotted the wireless station neatly tucked away. Even the antenna masts were disguised behind trees.

Just as we did our preliminary run over the target, those nine Messerschmitts hove into sight again. They were only tiny specks in the sky, but they weren't sea gulls.

We made our second run over the station and dropped our "eggs." They scrambled the radio station all right. Three direct hits. We departed from those parts in a hurry. Getting back into those clouds was like returning to home, sweet home.

At Kristiansand we searched for the German invasion fleet. But it wasn't there any more. Most of the ships had been moved down to English Channel ports, where other R. A. F. squadrons were taking care of them.

Three hours later we landed at our home airdrome. As the communiqués put it, "All our aircraft returned safely."

That night I saw the squadron leader in the mess. He was reading an official document and looked very glum. I asked him if he'd received some bad news. He nodded and answered:

"Yes—I've got a tough assignment ahead of me. I've been granted ten days' leave and I'm going to see my girl."

"What's the matter with that?" I asked.

"She lives in London," he replied.

THE END

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern hast,
Erwirb es um es zu besitzen.
—GOETHE.

DEMOCRACY is to me, first of all, a day-by-day way of living. It springs from respect for personality—my own and other people's. It means tolerance of differing opinions, treating others as I would be treated, faith in the possibilities of common folk like myself, and alike the desire for liberty to think, speak, and worship according to my conscience, and the willingness to grant the same freedom to others.

Democracy is a way of running a family—depending not so much on coercion as on voluntary good will and co-operation. Democracy is a way of living with various races and religions — seeing the human being beneath the differences and always treating him with respect. When democracy appears in the organization of society, it means to me civil liberties, freedom from racial prejudice, and not only the rule of the majority but, as well, the rights of minorities by persuasion and argument to oppose the majority.

Democracy is all tied up with my religion. As a matter of historic fact, democracy roots back into the soil of Greece, with its independent states, and the soil of Judea, with its faith in God and the value of human personality. Translate Judaism and Christianity into social terms and I do not see how one can escape democracy.

Democracy means to me today much more than a desirable set of privileges. It is a cause to be cared for, watched over, and furthered by thought and sacrifice. Democracy in this country is insecure not only because of external danger but because of internal failure. In particular, political democracy can never be safe without economic democracy—a community of people where *liberty* has issued in *fraternity*, and fraternity has expressed itself in a fair *equality* of opportunity and condition. The present crisis makes democracy more serious to me than ever before—not a cushion to lie down on but a challenge to be met. We cannot inherit democracy and leave the matter there; it depends on spiritual qualities of life and character that must be reborn each new generation in the hearts of its citizens.

Goethe's famous words [already quoted in the original German] come true today: "The possessions which you have inherited from your ancestors—earn them in order truly to own them."

Are the Dead Happier Than We?

MEN are convinced that every minute that isn't happy is a minute lost.

What is a lost minute? It is one that has not been tasted while it passed. . . . But we attach importance only to those which carry suffering and misfortunes.

The others slip by without our noticing them. Let us learn to enjoy them and we shall learn to smile at life.

"*Je me suis des malheurs une image tracée*
Et je les ai déjà vaincus par la pensée
(Image of my misfortune I designed
And thus did vanquish them by force of mind),"

declared the good Jean de La Fontaine in his translation of Virgil. They were right. Aside from the physical misfortunes and sufferings, all the others depend on the mind that receives them.

Always go, always act, always think, always remember *beyond* the self; for there it is that, despite appearances, we really live.

Find a thought that will reassure and console us? But all thoughts do that—as soon as they attain a certain elevation, when they no longer promise anything base or absurd, when they no longer undertake to bring us what neither men nor gods can give. Only a lie disquiets, humbles, or dismays. We are always happy when we rise above ourselves.

Because we live we believe that we enjoy life; but how many hours in the year do we really enjoy it?

Furthermore, we imagine that it is the greatest good to be found in the universe. Is that absolutely certain? Who knows but that the dead, who probably don't die at all, are not happier than we? They no longer have anything to fear, and if they don't even know that they are happy, isn't that the only happiness that can endure eternally without tiring us?

To hope for nothing is not to despair, just as no longer anticipating happiness is not to be unhappy.

THE END

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK who wrote the world's most famous story of the quest of happiness—The Blue Bird

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

The Holy Child of Agincourt

A Legend of 1940

by **TYLINE PERRY**

A LINE of trucks and steel monsters rumbled westward along the straight level road. The earth shook under their tread. They had been going past for days. Behind them the horizon was smudged with smoke where the factories and homes of Agincourt still burned.

Behind a whitewashed stone house at the edge of the village of Eau Dormant a plump little old woman on her knees burrowed feverishly into a haystack. When she had dug out a hole, she pushed in a hutch with rabbits in it and covered it with hay. Her little granddaughter held two rabbits in her apron. The old woman lifted one by its ears and thrust it into the hutch.

"Now the Germans won't eat them," she said grimly.

As she reached for the second rabbit, it sprang from the child's arms and bounded across the field toward the road. The little girl ran after it. She darted through the gate. Her grandmother, trotting breathlessly after her, cried, "Julie, Julie!"

The child did not hear. Her hands had almost closed over the rabbit when its powerful hind legs carried it with one swift leap into the path of a truck. The child would have dived after it, but just in time her grandmother caught her apron string.

The truck did not slow down nor swerve, though the two men on the driver's seat had seen the whole incident. There was not even a jolt as the heavy wheels crushed the rabbit.

The little girl burst into tears. The grandmother crossed herself and her lips moved in prayer. Then she began scolding the child.

The gray-uniformed driver of the truck said, "Did you see that old woman, Putsie? She was praying. She probably thinks it's a miracle the kid wasn't killed." He laughed. He was a big handsome blond fellow with red cheeks and teeth that flashed when he smiled.

His companion, who was thin and dark-eyed, nodded in assent. "They're brought up in superstition."

"It's queer," the driver continued, "how the people of an inferior culture have an instinct to humble themselves before a superior power. That's the reason they set up a god, a wooden image, and bow down before it."

"My father told me that after the Marne the soldiers saw Christ walking over the battlefield. He said he saw a queer light himself." The thin young man, who looked too frail for his heavy uniform, glanced uneasily at his companion. "How could a lot of men see the same thing, Albrecht, unless it's real?"

"People believe what they want to believe. Religion is for the weak. People turn to it when they're sick or dying or scared, just as they'll try any kind of medicine." He glanced down at his companion. "You look pale, Putsie. Not scared, are you?"

"It must be my stomach," said Putsie apologetically. "That bread we get tastes just like sawdust."

"I'd like to broil a couple of those rabbits over a campfire." Albrecht licked his full lips. "We'll remember where that place is. The old woman was hiding them under the haystack. Here's a church that has been bombed. When we come back this way we'll look for that tower—if it's still there." He laughed again.

At dusk a line of ambulances and

She clutched at the big soldier and dragged at him with all her weight to hold him back.

trucks was held up at Eau Dormant by big tanks moving up to the front. Ambulance drivers and German police swarmed through the village, taking linen and bedding for the wounded.

Julie watched with wide-eyed indignation as blankets, sheets, and mattresses were stripped from her grandmother's beds. An officer filled out a certificate of requisition and gave it to the old woman. She accepted it with a fatalistic shrug; it was not the first time Sara Gaspard had seen war.

"I hate them!" her daughter-in-law cried rebelliously. "They have burned Agincourt and our home and everything Henri and I worked for."

"My poor Anna!" Sara Gaspard patted her daughter-in-law's thin drooping shoulders. "That is the way it was in the old war." She sighed as she looked at her skeleton bedsteads. "Soon there will be nothing left."

"How am I going to keep my children alive?" Anna held the baby close to her and put one arm around Julie. "Have you forgotten how to hate, mother?"

"I have not forgotten." Sara Gaspard's mouth was bitter with remembrance. "But they were here for four years. We had to get along with them," she added practically. "When the Germans are hungry, they are just flesh and blood too. They are proud of themselves now; they worship their own power; but when they lose faith in themselves, they have nothing else to give them strength. Sometimes one can be very sorry for them."

"I shall never have pity on them! They are trying to kill my Henri and your other sons and my brothers!"

The younger child, frightened by her mother's tone, began to whimper, "I want Dodo."

"Never mind, my Denise. Mother will make you another doll. Nothing matters if papa comes home safe."

Julie demanded fiercely, "Why doesn't God do something about it? I have asked Him to."

"If prayer could stop the Germans, there wouldn't be a war," her mother answered hopelessly. "We mustn't expect miracles."

Anna had seen the destruction of Agincourt. She and her children had hidden in a cellar for three days while the town was bombed. After the storm of battle, they had come out, and Anna had wrapped her baby in a shawl and walked through the fields at night to Eau Dormant. Julie, clutching a bundle of clothes, trudged beside her mother.

Anna had said, "We'll be safe at grandmother's."

Sara Gaspard's sons and farmhands had already left to join their regiments. For a few days Anna helped the old woman look after the livestock. Refugees came, asking for shelter and food; every night there were strangers in the house; sometimes they filled the barn. Then the gray hordes of the invaders swarmed down in full force, and the country was picked clean. Horses were driven off, cattle were slaughtered; hen houses, orchards, and gardens were raided.

There was no milk for Denise, though Anna tramped from farm to farm trying to buy some. The two women and six-year-old Julie could live on bread and soup, but the fare did not agree with Denise. In a few weeks she had grown thin and fretful. Anna worried about her, and several times she walked across the field to the ruined church to pray.

Once Julie went with her. They climbed over piles of rubble where a wall had fallen. The roof was open to the sky. But behind the altar the blue-robed figure of Mary with the Child in her arms remained unharmed. Julie and her mother knelt before her.

But that day Anna had said through stiff lips, "I can't pray with the sound of guns in my ears."

The battle had been going on for a week.

After the bedding was taken, Julie and her grandmother piled hay in one corner of the kitchen so that the family might sleep near the stove for warmth. But that very night troops were billeted at the farmhouse, and the Gaspards huddled together in one of the bedrooms upstairs.

The house was filled with soldiers. They took off their coats and their boots and sat about the fire, drinking, eating, singing. Some of them were good cooks; a warm spicy fragrance drifted from the kitchen. They cleaned the storeroom bare of sugar, honey, and jam. They finished the wine in the cellar and a cask of beer they had brought with them.

After the invaders left, the two women worked all day to restore order and cleanliness to the house. Denise lay in the big clothesbasket in the sunny courtyard, languidly playing with a feather. She looked like a little skeleton. Her eyes were too big for her face.

Julie tried to amuse her. "Want a dolly, Denise? I can make one of cornhusks and a cob."

But the cornhusk doll aroused no interest in Denise, who flung it from her petulantly and demanded "Dodo." Her face puckered up.

"Don't cry, my pet," said Julie. "Our papa will bring you a doll when he comes home. Papa will bring Denise a big doll."

IN the afternoon another column of troops stormed into the village, looting and pillaging. Those who came to Sara Gaspard's house were already drunk. They would not even bring up coal from the cellar for their cooking, but broke up the furniture and burned it.

The women took refuge in the barn.

At dusk Sara filled the pockets of Julie's apron with shriveled carrots. "Put them in the rabbit hutch under the haystack, and pull some grass and beet tops for them too. But don't let the Germans see you."

As Julie circled about the haystack there was a curious movement at the base of it. A grimy black-bearded face was thrust out. Julie stopped short, too frightened to scream. She turned to run, but a familiar voice called, "Julie, don't you know me? It's papa, Julie."

She looked again. The gray eyes were her father's.

He struggled out from the hay and stood up, a ragged mud-caked figure.

"Oh, papa, I thought you were a scarecrow."

She ran into his arms and he caressed her hand and murmured pet names.

"Tell mama and granny I'm here, and don't let the Germans hear you," he cautioned. He took the carrots from her and crammed them into his mouth like a starving man.

That night, while the Germans slept, Henri burned his uniform and his military papers, and Anna brought him an old pair of trousers and the smock of a farm laborer.

Henri told her, "I was taken prisoner. The Germans had us unloading shells, and I escaped. I've been lying in ditches all day and walking at night."

After the troops left, he came to the house. Denise did not know him at first because of the beard; but when he lifted her over his head, she remembered, and demanded, "Dolly, papa. Give me dolly."

Henri laughed, but there was a catch in his voice as he held her gently in the crook of one arm and ran a hand over her frail limbs. "Just like all the girls with your 'give me.' Maybe I can get you a pail of milk or a goat. How would that do?"

Sara Gaspard said, "Jean LeClair has a herd of goats, but he is friendly with the Germans. There are German officers at his house all the time, and troops in the barn. He told Anna he could not sell her milk because the Germans have ordered him to deliver it all to them. They say he is making a good thing of it."

"I'll find a way to get a goat from him," Henri said as he returned the baby to her basket.

"He might tell the Germans you are hiding here," Anna protested. "It's too dangerous, Henri. What's the use, anyway? We couldn't keep it long." Her shoulders drooped.

Denise wailed feebly, and Anna took her. "She frets all the time."

Julie stood beside her mother, twisting one curl in perplexity. "I told Denise papa would bring her a doll," she confessed penitently. "Do you think I should ask the Holy Mother for one, mama?"

"If you like."

Julie paced the floor with her hands behind her as she had seen her father do. Then she ran to the window and stood looking across the field to the church, drumming her fingers on the pane. She could hardly eat her dinner, though her father had killed one of the rabbits, and the Germans had left them bread and cake.

AS soon as dinner was over, Julie ran across the field to the church. The sun shone through the gaping hole in the roof. The tall figure of the Virgin smiled calmly over the desolation. The Child stood in her arms, holding up His hands in a gesture of benediction. It was a primitive piece of carving. But the paint was bright and the gilded rays behind their heads shone gloriously in the late afternoon sun that pierced the broken tiles.

Julie gazed with admiration. Then she climbed on a chair and touched the outstretched hands and bare arms of the Infant. But she could not lift the Child from Mary's arms; the figures were glued together. In the litter on the floor she found a broken candlestick and pried the smaller image loose. She hugged it close and touched the round pink cheeks with her lips.

Then she was suddenly frightened by what she had done. Still holding the figure in her arms, she fell to her knees.

"Holy Mother, forgive me for taking your Child. But I must have a doll for Denise. I promised her papa would bring her one, but he didn't. So I asked you for one. And I thought you told me to take your Child. I hope it is all right, Holy Mother."

She touched the blue robe apologetically.

"Do not look so lonely, Holy Mother," she whispered.

CLASPING the figure tightly, she backed away.

As she clambered over the wrecked wall, she saw in a clump of grass at her feet a little mound of white feathers. She bent over and touched it cautiously with one finger. The pigeon lay quite still, its round glazed eyes like black pins. There was a red gash on its head. Whether it had been hurt days ago when the building was bombed, whether it had flown back from the battle or had been struck by a stone, there was no way of knowing.

From the steep roof another pigeon gave its anxious, mournful call. It paced the ridgepole with a worried jerk of its head at each step.

Julie put down the figure and held the bird to her cheek. Its head hung limply, but it was still warm. She glanced back into the church and saw the empty arms of the Virgin.

"Do not die, little bird," she whispered.

She climbed into the church again and laid the limp bundle of feathers in the open palm where the Child's feet had rested. The sunlight, slanting down, shone on the Virgin's face like a smile. Julie smiled back.

Then she wrapped her precious burden in her apron and trudged back across the field.

She peeped into the kitchen. Denise was alone, propped against a pillow in her basket. Julie took one of Denise's own little gowns and slipped it on the wooden figure so that it would look more like the lost Dodo. It was not a soft cuddly doll, and it did not look like a real baby, but the carved features had a grave sweetness, and the hands, uplifted in benediction, suggested the mysterious power of goodness and love.

"Look, baby. Julie has brought you a Jesus doll."

Denise stared solemnly at the image. Then she held out her arms and made cooing sounds of welcome.

Anna, coming into the room, cried, shocked, "Julie, you have taken the Christ child from the church! Oh, my dear, what will the Holy Mother think?"

"She told me to take it," Julie declared solemnly.

"Julie, it is wicked to say that!" Anna crossed herself. "Oh, Mary, forgive her. She is only a baby."

Julie's lip quivered. "But it is for Denise. When she is better, I promise to take it back."

Henri said gently, "Julie isn't old enough to understand, Anna."

"She is old enough to know that it is wrong to take anything from the church."

"But in these days everything is different," Henri said. "The image will be safer here. There is no roof on the church."

"But to let a baby play with the Holy Child like a doll!" Anna exclaimed. "What would Father François say?"

Tears welled up in Julie's eyes. "At Christmas we had a Christ Child in a crèche."

Anna went down on her knees beside her. "But it is not a doll, my sweet. It is a blessed symbol of love."

"And courage," Henri added.

She took the figure and carried it into grandmother's room and set it on the mantel beneath the crucifix.

DENISE wailed feebly, and Julie tried to comfort her.

"The Holy Mother told me her Child would make you well, baby," Julie murmured. "He hasn't gone. He is still here. He will make Denise well."

Her father said gravely, "There must be a way."

Anna took the baby in her lap and tried to feed her gruel with a spoon; but there was no milk or sugar for it, and Denise turned her face away and thrust out her lower lip.

Two cars roared up to the front of the cottage; there were loud voices; a heavy boot kicked the door.

Anna started to her feet. "The Germans! You must hide, Henri. Hide in the haystack."

He kissed her without saying anything, slipped out the back door, and ran, stooping low, behind the courtyard wall.

But the invaders were not looking for an escaped prisoner; only for shelter. No drunken rowdies this time, but two cars full of officers, haggard, muddy, bloodstained, sobered by their experiences at the front. Julie was frightened at the sight of them, and ran to her mother in the barn. The orderlies put kettles of water on the stove; they demanded soap and towels; their noisy splashing could be heard across the courtyard.

Denise, lying in a little hollow in the straw, waved her arms and tossed restlessly. Julie patted down the rough stems that were scratching her.

"Be a good baby, and after the Germans are quiet, I'll bring the Holy Child to you," Julie promised. "He will not mind sleeping in a stable."

Along the straight level road poured the unending stream of ambulances and trucks filled with wounded, backwash of the terrible flood.

In the last glimmer of twilight a mud-spattered green truck stopped before the ruined church.

"Look, Putsie," said the driver, "here's that church."

The two men were dirty and unshaved, and their eyes were haunted by the scenes they had witnessed.

"I don't feel right, Albrecht. I'm dizzy."

"It's the food. If you could find some silver candlesticks, we could swap them for a good meal."

"Maybe we shouldn't stop now—with this load," the pale young soldier protested.

"These fellows are full of dope.

"My big sister warned me about you men—I suppose you're out of gas!"

The doctor said they won't know anything till morning."

"But it might rain." Putsie glanced back uneasily at the open bed of the truck, where the wounded lay, lumped against each other.

"It won't take a minute. We'll just see whether these fellows have any cash on them too. They won't need it in the hospital. Hop out, Putsie."

Albrecht searched the wounded men; but Putsie was sickened by their bloodstained bandages. He wandered into the church, picking his way through the wreckage toward the altar. In the deepening shadows the Virgin was barely discernible, a straight blue-robed figure with a white dove in her hand.

The beam of the prowler's torch led him up the steps and into one of the chapels. There were pictures and books but nothing of great value. The silver chalices and the candlesticks had been removed. He bent over to search a cupboard, and when he straightened up, he swayed dizzily. He staggered out of the chapel and leaned against a choir stall, sweeping his electric beam about the sanctuary. The bright circle rested on the Virgin's face; then, dropping down, it shone full on the bird in her hand.

There was a swift beating of wings! A white blur soared! The prowler looked up to see a white bird winging through the open roof into the purplish twilight.

Shaking, he looked again at the Virgin. Her upturned palm was empty.

The soldier stumbled hastily from the building.

Albrecht regarded his frail companion with amused contempt. "Did you see a ghost, Putsie?" He jingled the silver in his pockets. "I got enough for beer and tobacco. Now, if we can pick up those rabbits—"

Putsie dragged himself into the truck. "I'm not hungry."

"If we find the rabbits, it will be a good joke on the old woman," Albrecht laughed. "I bet they're still in the haystack."

When the truck stopped at the Gaspard house, Julie was peering into one of the front windows. Her grandmother's room was dark; the officers were eating in the kitchen. She pushed open the door, felt her way to the mantel and, climbing on a chair, lifted down the figure of the Child.

As she emerged from the cottage, a man in the truck stirred and moaned.

Julie stood on tiptoe and looked into the bed of the open truck. The wounded man at the end was stretched out, his shoulders propped against his pack. He saw Julie and spoke to her. The words were strange, but his tone was pleading, and she understood his gesture of drinking.

She looked about for a place to put the figure, and then thrust it into his arms.

"Hold this a minute; I'll bring you a drink."

She ran to the pump in the courtyard. As her thin little arms worked the handle, she saw two soldiers crossing the field toward the haystack. She uttered a frightened cry that brought her grandmother running out of the barn. Julie pointed toward the soldiers.

Sara cried, "Anna, Anna, the Germans! They are searching—" She covered her face with her hands.

Anna barred the way of the Germans. The big one thrust her aside so violently that she fell to the ground.

JULIE clung to her grandmother's skirts. "Granny, have they found papa?"

"Be quiet," her grandmother warned, "and stay here."

The old woman padded breathlessly across the field, shouting at the Germans. They paid no attention to her but moved on toward the haystack.

Then Anna was on her feet again. She clutched at the big soldier and dragged at him with all her weight to hold him back. He tried to fling her off, and she screamed. He clapped a hand over her mouth.

Putsie suddenly exclaimed, "Here's a goat, Albrecht. She's wandering loose."

The back door of the cottage was thrown open and an officer strode out. The beam of his electric torch cut like a shining sword through the dark. "What are you fellows doing?"

It was the voice of authority.

Both soldiers turned back. Putsie leading the goat by the rope about

her neck. Standing side by side, the two men extended their arms stiffly in salute and rattled off their names, rank, and regiment.

"We found a goat, sir," Albrecht said.

The officer's steely expression relaxed. "A goat, eh? Tie her to the gate."

"Yes, sir."

Anna stood with her hand pressed to her heart, waiting for their next move. Her breath came in gasps through parted lips.

"Where did you two come from?" the officer barked.

"From the front, sir," Albrecht answered. "We're taking a load of wounded to Agincourt."

"Then you've got no business stopping here and stealing my goat." The officer eyed the animal hungrily.

"She was running away, sir," Albrecht defended. "We were just bringing her back."

"None of your impudence! Get back to your truck."

The officer directed his light toward the road. The powerful beam leaped across the field and the hedge and finally rested on the truck. Then, flashing upward, it picked out the figure of the Christ child. The golden rays behind His head and the white uplifted hands shone eerily like a vision in the night. The gentle face was painted against the darkness.

The officer caught his breath. "What have you got in that truck?" he asked sharply.

Putsie uttered a strange sound. He clutched at his companion's sleeve. "Albrecht, it's true!" His voice died in his throat and he slumped over.

Albrecht caught him and kept him from falling.

The officer turned his light on the grayish face of the young soldier. "What's the matter with him?"

Albrecht's lips worked silently for a moment before the words came. "Just nerves, sir. A dash of water will bring him around, I expect."

As they dragged the unconscious man toward the pump, Julie slipped past them unnoticed.

When she reached the truck, the wounded man had fallen forward. His head was twisted queerly, and his knees were bent under him as if he had been praying; one hand hung limply over the side of the truck. The figure of the Christ child lay in the road.

Julie spoke to the man and touched his hand, but he did not answer nor take the cup of water. Frightened, she picked up the wooden image and scurried away before Albrecht returned, supporting his comrade.

"Did you see it, Albrecht?" Putsie whispered.

"See what?" Albrecht asked gruffly. "There's nothing here now, is there?"

The officer swept his light into the truck. "What are you boys up to in there?"

There was no answer but the sound of painful breathing. The bright circle illuminated the grimy faces of the wounded sunk in drugged stupor.

"Speak up—" The officer broke off as his torch shone on the man at the end of the truck. The unseeing eyes stared glassily at the light.

Putsie leaned against a battered fender and drew his coat sleeve across his cold moist brow. "I knew something had happened."

The officer closed the sightless eyes. "We mustn't let this business get on our nerves," he muttered. "Imagination is weak and morbid."

His hands trembled as he opened his cigarette case and offered it to the soldiers. It was an unexpected courtesy. In blank amazement they accepted.

AFTER driving some time in silence, Albrecht said, "Nobody ever told us what happens when men die."

Putsie removed the cigarette from his bloodless lips. "Even the Führer doesn't know that. But the man in the back of the truck knows now—and a million others."

"You shouldn't talk like that, Putsie. It's weak and morbid."

"I wish we hadn't stopped back there. The doctor told us to get to the hospital as quick as we could."

"Maybe we shouldn't have taken their money either," Albrecht admitted doubtfully.

"We can put it back—or give it to a nurse for them. Sometimes I feel like we're being watched," Putsie confided. "When we come back this way I'm going to look into that church again. There's something queer . . ."

FOR a long time the officer stood smoking in the doorway of the whitewashed stone cottage. Then he crossed the courtyard to where Anna was milking the goat.

He asked in hesitant French, "Is that your goat, madame?"

"Don't take it, please. My baby needs the milk."

The officer spoke slowly in stilted phrases: "I can see that you are troubled, madame. I want to help you. If you will sell me a little of the milk, I shall give you a paper saying that you are keeping the goat for me, so that nobody else can take it. Perhaps I shall be back tomorrow night. Perhaps I shall not."

Anna did not understand all of his speech, but she thanked him with tears in her eyes for the official paper he wrote out and presented to her with a stiff formal bow.

In the middle of the night she stole across the field to the haystack. "Henri, are you there?"

He thrust his head out. "Yes. I thought for a moment I was gone. Did they take the goat?"

She showed him the paper.

Henri laughed. "Wouldn't that make LeClair froth at the mouth? That's his best milker. I picked her out in the dark, too."

At dawn the big staff car roared away from the cottage.

Julie watched them from the courtyard. "They have gone, grandmother. And they didn't find papa. Do you think the Christ child worked a miracle for us?"

"If it seems like a miracle, maybe it is. Who knows? At least the officers who came last night were decent, and that is something of a miracle. Now take the blessed image back and ask the Holy Mother to open the eyes and the hearts of the people who have brought this war on us."

Carrying the figure, Julie plodded obediently across the furrows of the beet field.

THE END

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(Continued from November 16 issue)

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(Continued in an early issue)

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★ STRAIGHT TALK TO DRAFTED MEN AND THEIR FAMILIES ★

Health, jobs, spirit, every one will gain! A stirring message from one who knows

BY LIEUT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD

AS I watched the slow-motion approach of public opinion, and of our leaders, to the inescapable need for Selective Service, I have wondered—

Have we been proving that Hitler is right? And Mussolini also?

Democracy is slow, inefficient; it cannot make up its mind; it squabbles and bungles—that's their thesis.

We should have faced the need for the draft in September, 1939. I said so then. Almost instantly various things were proved: War will not now wait for volunteers. Or for the building and training of a drafted citizen army. Further, that kind of army, hurriedly trained, is not good enough. Nor is militia-type defense—as was subsequently proved up to the hilt in various places in Europe.

We refused to see these things as self-evident. We lost a year. Perhaps we have lost two. Many months and the ghastly shock of what was happening to the nation so long the first military power was necessary to make us even approach this step. Then, *months* of talk. Granted, discussion, free debate—that is our way. *But* the aim of discussion is to reach the truth. The truth about this was glaringly clear after a week or two of Congressional hearings.

Then the "yes, but—" folk started. Why, even after both Presidential candidates, agreeing, had "taken this out of politics," there was still the abortive effort to fob the draft issue over until after the election. Pretext, try the volunteer system; real reason, avoid a stand until the votes are counted.

But this is over, past, I should "skip it" now? I don't think so. I say we should all think about it.

Dawdling, timid mentality; "wait and see"; then, "too late"—almost as much as enemy power—wrecked France. Almost wrecked England. Therefore I say we should look ourselves in the eye, in the interest of our future safety. Are we going on being this way? Or are we going to reach quickly truth about what must be done? Do it? Face the sacrifice? Make it?

That will be the test of whether democracy is vigorous—and able to stand in the kind of world it faces.

Authorizations, allocations, appropriations—high-sounding words, all—are not *defense*. That is yet to be built. Washington headlines do not build it. Nor, I contend, will the dawdling tactics we've shown in coming up to scratch on the draft build it soon enough. Let's think about that and in the future take all of the necessary defense steps quicker.

All this debate probably spread confusion in many minds. I'd like to cut through some of it.

Some opposition to conscription has come from the Christian churches. Somehow there arises belief that both military service and war are un-Christian and wicked. I am reminded of what Christ thought of the Roman centurion. He expressed wonder and said: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." I recall also that a very devout preacher said: "I would almost be willing to see the World War back again for the sake of the Christian devotion it stirred among people." It has been my observation—in this hemisphere, in the Philippines, and in Europe—that military service, with its discipline, duties, and dangers, turned the minds of men toward God. The draft will not hurt religion: it will contribute to Christian living.

Then that contention that peacetime draft breaks American tradition and is undemocratic. Basically, it's about our oldest tradition. In colonial days, when we had the most democratic form of government, *all* able-bodied men were tacitly in military service. Each month they had to present themselves, with musket and equipment, for inspection and drill.

The first President's first message asked Congress for a compulsory military service law. General Washington repeated that request two or three times. He had reason. He faced a situation much like ours. For years there was warring in Europe among Powers whose colonial territory bordered on our young republic. But here were "federated" states newly *united* and afraid of centralized power. That brought about defeat of the Washington plan which now finally we have adopted.

If that plan had been adopted, then by *strength* we would have avoided some wars. In other wars we'd have avoided the tragic losses we've always suffered while learning how to fight after the fight has started. Hundreds of thousands of

lives would have been saved—and in all probability scores of billions of dollars.

It is the voluntary enlistment system which is undemocratic. In an emergency, those who have patriotism and courage go; others shirk. That's inequality in responsibility. The first type go, regardless of whether there is greater need for them at their jobs. That weakens our democracy. Always there is far greater volunteering from areas which may feel themselves threatened. Thus one part of the nation bears too great a share in protecting the *whole;* then, a greater burden in postwar adjustment.

Distribution of duties and responsibilities, of sacrifices, hardships, or dangers—with equality for all and special privilege for none—is in accord with the democratic ideal. And summoning those who are called before local boards of their fellow citizens, who can know *all* facts necessary for decision as to who should serve—that is *grass-roots* democracy.

THERE has been much talk of the "disruption" the draft may cause, to the nation and to individuals. I suspect many who have raised this point are thinking of European-type *universal* service. That is, where a whole age class is taken out of normal life and jobs and put into army training. That makes adjustments necessary.

Then, if war comes, mobilization of several classes causes grave dislocation. It seems incredible that in this day, when wars are fought by industrial power as well as by men at the front, France should have blundered on this point. Tardily it was discovered that about a quarter of a million men scattered all about France in uniform were much more urgently needed at their specialized jobs. It took several months to find and return them. And in 1917 we had skilled mechanics currying mules while truck breakdowns were unrepaired—but we don't intend to repeat that.

First, we are taking for training only some 800,000 out of a group of 16,500,000 — or only 5 per cent; which is no great dislocation of the United States as a going concern. Second, the call is *selective,* to cause the least possible disturbance in our "national economy." Finally, assignment of draftees to various services and duties is to be selective also, so that each individual will be assigned to training for the defense job for which he is best fitted and in which he will be the most useful. This, I contend, is the soundest plan of mobilization for military training ever worked out anywhere.

But that the newly drafted private, John Smith, will be "losing a whole year out of his life," or of progress in his job, or in education, and it will be difficult for him to get a job or adjust himself again—such talk is heard. It is absurd. Every young man drafted will *gain.*

First, consider that job angle. In 1919 young men out of the A. E. F. were being placed in jobs. A colonel helping to direct this in the 77th Division, New York, said to an employer: "I believe these men are 20 per cent better in economic efficiency for having had army service." "We have 700 of them, and I can say that you are understating it," was the reply of the general manager of a General Electric plant. In the normal course of their lives and work, how many young men can step up their value rating, or their basic chance of success in their jobs, by 20 per cent or more in one year?

As for education, I believe it is not intended that the draft shall be permitted to interrupt education vital to national strength—such as medical, scientific, technical. But I contend that education can, and should, be carried forward in military service. We've proved it can be done.

The noted pacifist who became such a great Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, proved that in France and England after the armistice in a University of the A. E. F. Soldiers in service continued their education in many places. "Do you have any trouble getting them to study?" I asked one of the officer directors of this. "None whatever," he replied, smiling. There was none of the usual college high jinks or frittering of time. Better disciplined mentally, these lads were better students. They grasped essentials more quickly; they were more intent on study.

Baker planned then a combination of military service and education in the army, but we wouldn't let him establish that. Consider now: Suppose we had established the army approaching half a million which Baker and President Wilson believed we should have. In it systematic education, which, while meeting army needs for better men, would fit Private Jones for a better job if he wished to return to civilian life when his enlistment period ended. That would have made army service so much more attractive: Jones would be getting something of great value for his three years with Uncle Sam. As new war technique made it clearer that we needed *soldier mechanics*—new types of fighting men—army education would have provided them. Finally, the alumni of this system of army and school would by now have constituted a vast reserve—not merely of *military* man power in the old sense but of *specialized* soldiers.

I am not indulging in "it might have been" pointlessly. We should, and must, do something like this in the present training program, even though we cannot do it as thoroughly as would have been possible had we built such a system over a period of years. Mind you, I am not contending that the army can become a "vocational school." Its first job is defense; all else is secondary. But new defense against new war demands specialized education as well as training. This is a fact we should understand, and *remember,* when this emergency is over. It should be basic in any future training plan.

NOW I want to stress this most positive factor: The greatest boon of this draft is that it will *build better men.*

First, physically. In 1917-18 one third of the young men examined were found to be unfit. Those who were sound and those fit enough to be built up were taken. Probably that will be the story again. If your memory does not run to the training days of two decades ago, just recall CCC boys you have seen. Developed by camp and outdoor life, stripped to their waists at their work, they are an inspiring picture of strength and health personified. Similarly, the early conditioning of men under military training usually puts ten to twenty pounds of hard meat on the lean ones and streamlines and toughens the others. That is a large policy in health insurance for life.

Then, in character. Face the fact: As a people we are lax, careless, negligent about many of our duties and responsibilities. That is reflected in youth. Military service develops in young men the qualities of good citizenship: uprightness, morality, responsibility. They have a different look about them; their character is firming—and in a better mold.

Finally, in what I can only call "fitness for living." A man who has learned to "fit" the army, with its varied demands and discipline, is better fitted for life; better able to meet its tasks and its problems; more likely to achieve efficiency in his work and happiness there and elsewhere.

Yes, this draft will build better men physically, mentally, spiritually.

THE END

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Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.

*Los Angeles *San Diego *San Francisco

*See local paper for time and station.

"Each time I entertain it seems more of my guests choose WINE" *says*

Mrs. Eddie Rickenbacker

Mrs. Rickenbacker, charming wife of the famous flyer, has two teen-age sons, both aviation enthusiasts. She likes to golf, swim and play bridge—and to entertain informally at small home dinner parties. An observant hostess, she notes that growing numbers of her guests nowadays prefer a beverage on the moderate side

"So many people these days welcome an opportunity to be moderate"

"With refreshments in the afternoon or evening," reports Mrs. Rickenbacker, "I like to give everyone a choice of beverages—because I find more people constantly who prefer wine.

"I'm glad to see wine-serving become so popular in America. It's a gracious custom — the kind of hospitality we seem to need these days."

Have you tried giving your guests a chance to choose wine? When you do, you'll discover as Mrs. Rickenbacker says, that a surprising number prefer wine *because* it is moderate.

You'll notice, too, that people do not bolt down this genial, natural drink. Men and women find they want to sip wine slowly, savoring its delicate flavor and bouquet as a connoisseur does. Enjoying the *satisfaction* in a glass of wine.

Best of all, wine today is as inexpensive as it is delicious. We've printed some easy-to-follow serving hints at the right. They will help you and your guests enjoy the full goodness of this moderate yet glamorous beverage, wine.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

Be Considerate — Serve Wine

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

A Simple Guide to WINE SERVING

Before dinner:

Sherry (mellow-amber, nutlike in flavor) is ideal before dinner, alone or with appetizers. Serve in cocktail-size glasses.

With dinner:

Claret or Burgundy (red, dry, tart table wines) are especially good with red meats like roast beef, steak, ham, or with pastes. These wines blend perfectly with the flavors of such foods.

Chablis or California ***Rhine*** wine (white, dry table wines) are specially made to go with lighter foods — oysters, fish, chicken. If you like a sweeter white table wine, choose ***Sauterne***. The white table wines are usually served well chilled in portions about half the size of a water goblet.

After dinner or for casual entertaining:

Port (a sweet, red wine) is perfect with any dessert, or with coffee or cheese.

Muscatel (sweet, amber-colored wine, richly endowed with the delicious flavor of Muscat grapes) is good with desserts, or in the afternoon or evening. The sweet wines are served in a small glass.

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Romance in a Bea

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

By DAVID WILLIAM MOORE

RIGHT off, you ask how come there's a woman in a logging camp? Well, Lena is the boss's daughter, and she inherits the old man's pigheadedness. He says she can't come up to the camp with him, so she comes up to the camp with him, and she tells him if he doesn't like it he can go out and sit on a log.

Naturally, she doesn't live in the bunkhouse with the men, even though she does wear britches. She and her pap, old Moss Frink, have a cabin over at the other side of the clearing, and she keeps house for him.

Lena isn't a raving beauty but she's got plenty of what it takes to make he-men climb fences. She acts cold and looks hot, if you get what I mean. In no time at all these eighteen lumberjacks are washing behind their ears, combing their hair, and prancing past the kitchen window of the Frink cabin. It's real comic to see them sidle up to her. One carries along a bouquet of colored leaves. Another takes his guitar. Another digs up a book. Of course Lena looks down her nose at them all. She isn't having any.

Which has the men stumped. They stand around, feeling silly. Says one, "It ain't no good us *all* makin' love to her. So much polecat all at once is gaggin' her."

"We got t' use our heads," says another.

"Yeah," a third puts in, "we got t' use our heads. We know there can't more'n one man marry her. So why wouldn't it be smart if we picked one of us an' let him go after her with a clear field?"

It sounds easy to pick one. But it isn't. They're all wanting this girl so hard they can't play fair drawing lots. There's only one way left—fists! For a couple of days the war in Europe is patty-cake by comparison.

When the men finally pick themselves up they know Steve Renfrew is the winner. He's got plenty of skin off his jaw and knuckles but is still able—and hankering—to pin back any ears that start flapping again. The fellows give him a cheer and wish him luck, which he is going to need. He washes himself down, puts on a clean shirt, and goes over to start working on Lena.

She smiles at him, queer-like, from the doorway. "So you're the winner! Come on in, Mr. Renfrew."

Steve steps inside and grins at her. "I'm pretty good with my fists," he says proudly.

"My pap," says Lena, "used to be a great fighter." Steve is beginning to feel hopeful. Then she goes on: "But he had *other* qualities."

Steve knows now he's got to start from scratch. So he says, "There's a pretty sunset, Lena. Maybe you'd like to walk down along the lake."

"I like sunsets," says Lena.

So they start out. Steve walks kind of stiff, because he knows the fellows are watching him from the bunkhouse. But Lena swings along with her head up and her eyes bright. Steve is just aching to grab her. They mosey along the bank till it's nearly dark. They sit down on a fallen log, and it's mighty, mighty cozy.

Steve thinks now is the time. He talks soft and low, telling her how he loves her and wants her to be his wife. She seems to be listening. But when he tries to casual his arm around her waist, he gets a slap on his jaw that makes his shoelaces come undone.

"I don't let men paw me," says Lena.

"But I thought you liked me," he says.

"I like lots of men," she says, "but they've got to keep hands off me."

"Some day," he says, "I'm going to marry you."

"Well," she snaps, "I didn't have anything to do with your old fight, and I can't help what you plan. But some day isn't tonight. Let's go back."

Every evening, now, Steve is hanging around Lena. She doesn't seem to mind, but it isn't love-making. At this speed, Steve thinks to himself, if we ever do get married our first kid will be a grandchild.

Comes a Sunday afternoon. He puts on a new red shirt and goes over for a walk with Lena. She comes out with a dress on. It's the first time he's seen her dolled up, and his heart practically stops.

"You sure are pretty," he says.

"I'm tired of walking by the lake," she says. "Let's go back along the tote road."

They start back. "When you going t' give in an' marry me?" he asks.

"You like my dress," she says. "I think it's nice, too. See? It has red in it like the oak leaves—"

There is a crashing sound, and Steve looks around just in time to see a brown bear as big as a horse, almost, coming toward him. It keeps on coming. He forgets all about Lena. Halfway to the bunkhouse he looks around and the bear is right at his heels. He spurts forward, but he hears big feet close behind. He goes up the corner of the log building like a squirrel. From his perch on the roof he looks down. He sees the bear standing below, waiting. But this isn't all. He hears loud laughter from directly under him. The men have seen the chase. Also, there's Lena walking off toward her own cabin.

Naturally Steve wonders what the hell. He cusses that bear. He cusses those laughing jackasses in the bunkhouse below. He sees Lena going into her cabin, and his heart aches. This is the end. Blankety-blankety-blankety-blank! Why doesn't one of those blankety fools come out and shoot this bear? But they're still laughing.

Then the cabin door opens and Lena appears, and she's wearing pants again. She walks right up to the bear and hands it a cookie. Then she looks up and smiles. "You don't need be afraid of Roxy, Steve. She just thought you were me. You see, she comes to the camp every day while you men are out, and I've been feeding her. But she didn't recognize me with a dress on."

So Steve crawls down, sheepish as all get-out, and he says, "I guess I don't rate no more with you, Lena."

The men begin laughing again, but they stop quick. For Lena goes over to Steve and puts her arms around him and kisses him. And she says, "Why, Steve, I'm glad of what happened. I was afraid you were only a big bully. But Roxy proved you could be managed, all right."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best

DISCOVER POWERMATIC SHIFTING—delightful new operation—vast reduction in driving effort...and, with new transmission, actual elimination of certain usual shifting motions!

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NEW VALUE YOU'LL ENJOY

NEW SAFETY RIMS to prevent "throwing" of tire in case of a blowout.

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METAL SPRING COVERS—big 6-inch tires—front coil springs...wide color choices—on all models!

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

DRIVEN from his own home by the spying of Fu Manchu's agents, Sir Lionel Barton, the great Orientalist, seeks refuge with his friend Kerrigan, the adventurous newspaperman. Strangely enough, during this visit, Kerrigan's attention is riveted by the unaccountable appearance of his lost love, Ardatha, across the street in the dusk. Out of the house Kerrigan dashes in a futile chase. Returning to his flat, he finds Barton gone and Nayland Smith, the famous enemy-sleuth of the evil Chinaman, there in his stead.

Searching the place, the evidences disclose that the Orientalist has been kidnaped, his bag stolen that contained a chart of a secret submarine base in the Caribbean, which was the one document in the world needed by Fu Manchu for his plot against the white race.

Through means of an automobile numbered BXH77, Smith and Kerrigan trail the Mongolian wizard to his hideout, but he eludes capture. They do manage to rescue Barton. In that action Kerrigan kills one of Fu Manchu's aides. During the excitement the three men become separated. Her frantic lover corners Ardatha. She professes not to know him!

While pleading with her Kerrigan is mysteriously overcome, dragged to a charnel-house laboratory, where Fu Manchu joins him and tells him what his awful fate is to be. In reply, Kerrigan fires at him, but the yellow superman is protected by a powerful sound wave, or "chord."

Left alone in the laboratory of dismembered bodies, Kerrigan is helped toward escape by Hassan, a white Nubian servitor of Ardatha. Kerrigan comes upon a man sewing a body in sailcloth. Who is the dead man? A play of lantern light reveals the face of the corpse.

BY SAX ROHMER

Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal

Now thrills come fast as a lover escapes death—and a girl of maddening mystery reveals an amazing secret

PART THREE—IN THE DEN OF THE ASSASSINS

AT the moment that I obtained my first glimpse of the face of the man whose body was being sewn up in sailcloth, I saw also that his arms were crossed on his breast.

Both hands had been amputated.

A spasm of anger, revulsion, nausea swept over me. Presently I discerned the pock-marked features of the stitcher. I had seen that hideous mask before: it belonged to one of Dr. Fu Manchu's Burmese killers.

The dead man was not Nayland Smith but Dr. Oster, the man I had shot.

In some incomprehensible way, Fu Manchu's servants had smuggled the

The automatic fell from my hand; I became crushed to that herculean body, a limp, useless thing.

body from the house in Regent's Park.

I was calculating my chances of getting through the doorway and silently overpowering a formidable adversary, when I was arrested by a sound of light rapid footsteps which approached from beyond the luminous band from that end of the passage which I had not explored.

Twisting sideways, I began to crawl back up the steps. I gained the passage above, and on hands and knees crept into the shadows.

Nor did I win cover a moment too soon.

A gigantic figure, wearing only a dark vest and trousers, passed, with the swift lithe tread of a panther, down the steps and into the cellar not two yards away. It was Hassan, the white Nubian!

"Master order fix weights, quick." Hassan spoke in his odd English. "Must move sharp. I carry him. You bring lamp and open river door."

Much movement, clang of metal, and smothered muttering reached me from the cellar, the husky bass of Hassan's voice being punctuated with snarling monosyllables which I judged to represent the Burman's replies. At last came a significant shuffling, a deep grunt, and a sound of approaching footsteps. The blind Nubian had the corpse on his back and was carrying it out.

First came the Burman, holding the hurricane lantern. As he walked up the stone steps I tried to identify myself with the shadows.

He turned to the right. The giant figure of Hassan followed, stooping, Atlas-like, under his gruesome burden.

And now, as that death march receded into the distance of the long, echoing passage, I stooped, rapidly unlaced my shoes, and discarded them. Silently I followed.

The lantern disappeared. The Burman had walked into some opening on the left of the passage, for I saw a rectangular patch of light upon the opposite wall, I saw the burdened figure bent under its mortal bale turn and vanish too.

I pressed on to the corner. There were descending steps. Preserving a suitable distance from the moving lamp, I followed, and found myself in a shadow-haunted place, a fusty warehouse.

At the end of an aisle of packing cases Hassan dropped his load. The muffled slump of the handless corpse was a sound which I was destined too often to remember.

"Open the door." He was breathless. "Got to be quick. We have to make our getaway, too."

The place was about to be abandoned; presumably Dr. Fu Manchu had already made good his escape.

A gust of damp air swept into the fusty stagnation of the warehouse. Followed a subdued clangor. The lantern had been set on top of a crate, but dimly I discerned an opening and I knew what it represented. Whereas loads were hoisted to the upper floor, they were discharged to barges from the warehouse by way of this gangway which projected over the river at tidal level. From here the remains of Dr. Oster were to be consigned to old Father Thames and held fast in his muddy embrace.

I could see no searchlights; nevertheless I could see the opening. I heard labored breathing — creaking feet which supported striving bodies . . . dimly I heard the splash.

Then, Colt in hand, silent on shoeless feet, I rushed.

Silent, I say? Not silent enough for the blind Nubian. I was almost on the drawbridge, I had passed the Burman . . . when an arm like a steel band locked itself about me!

"*Inshallah!*"

The automatic fell from my hand; I became crushed to that herculean body, a limp, useless thing.

"Hassan!" I panted — "Hassan, let me go!"

That unbreakable hold relaxed. Inexorably I was jerked forward. A stinging in my left shoulder and a sense of moisture told me how narrowly I had escaped death from the knife of the Burman behind us.

A thud—a snarl—the sound of a fall, and then:

"Take your chance," Hassan whispered. "No other way."

Lifting me above his head, as Milo of Crotona might playfully have lifted a child, he hurled me into the river!

WHO'S there?"

Breathless, all but spent, I swam for shore. There was a wharf, I remembered, and steps. That plunge into icy water had nearly defeated me. I had no breath with which to answer the challenge. A blue light shone out. I headed for it.

And as I labored frantically, a swift beam from the river picked me up. I heard shouted orders, the purr of an engine; my feet touched bottom. I staggered on toward the shore.

"Down the steps, Gallaho! There's some one swimming in. Douse that searchlight out there!"

Nayland Smith!

The light behind—it must have come from a river police craft—shone on wooden steps and painted my own shadow before me. Suddenly it was shut off. The blue light ahead moved, came nearer, lower. I waded forward and was grasped and held upright—for I had come to the end of my endurance.

"It's Kerrigan," I whispered. "Hang on to me. I'm nearly through . . ."

Chief Inspector Gallaho, a friend of former days, helped me to mount the steps.

On the way to the Limehouse police station, Smith explained in his staccato fashion: "I followed the doctor to the garage—and was cleverly locked inside! Place nearly soundproof. When the raid squad arrived, I managed to attract their attention. While they were breaking in, Fu Manchu's gang smuggled Oster's body away and smuggled you away, too. Barge on canal with auxiliary motor. . . ."

The brakes shrieked. I was all but thrown from my seat; a headlight

shot out. I had a momentary glimpse of a narrow thoroughfare and of an evil-looking yellow man who staggered aside from the bonnet.

"Try thinkee where you go," the driver shouted angrily — "hop-head!"

And we were off again.

"Barton made the only capture of the night—"

"What?"

"Dr. Fu Manchu's marmoset! It was for the marmoset Ardatha came back, Kerrigan. While we were searching the house — and little enough we found—the phone rang. I answered it . . . and Dr. Fu Manchu issued his ultimatum—"

"In person?"

"In person! Won't bore you with it now. Here we are!"

The car was pulled up in its own length.

SMITH dragged me into the station. A vigorous toweling before the open fire and a hot grog quite restored me. Wearing borrowed shoes and underwear and the uniform of a district inspector (which fitted me very well), I felt game again for anything. Smith was now wild with excitement to be off; he could not stand still.

"What you tell me unties my hands, Kerrigan. This hide-out of Fu Manchu is an old warehouse managed by a young German known to the police (he is compelled to report here at regular intervals) who may or may not be a creature of the doctor. In either case he has the keys—"

"For my part," said the police officer, "I don't think this man, Jacob Bohm, is a member of the gang. I think, though, that he suspected there was something funny going on."

"Why?" snapped Smith, glancing irritably at the clock.

"Well, the last time he came in, so Sergeant Wyckham told me, he hinted that he might shortly have some valuable information to offer us. He said that he was collecting evidence which wasn't complete yet, but—"

A phone buzzed; he took up the instrument on his desk.

"Hullo! . . . Yes — speaking. That you, Wyckham?" He glanced at Smith. "Found him, sir. . . . Yes, I'll jot it down." He wrote. "Jacob Bohm, 39B Pelling Street, Limehouse. And you say his landlady's name is Mullins? Good. The matter's of some importance, sergeant. What was that you mentioned last week about the man? . . . Oh, he said he was putting the evidence in writing? . . . He thought that what? . . . That there were cellars of which he had no keys but which were used after dark? I see. . . ."

"Kerrigan," snapped Smith, "feel up to a job?"

"Anything you say, Smith."

"There's a police car outside, as well as that from Scotland Yard. Dash across to Pelling Street—the driver will know it—and get Jacob Bohm. I'm off. I leave this job to you. Bring him back here. I will keep in touch."

He turned while the inspector was still talking on the phone; but I grabbed his arm.

"Smith—did you find any trace—"

"No." He spoke over his shoulder. "But Ardatha called me two minutes after Fu Manchu. She was responsible for your finding me where you found me tonight. Jump to it, Kerrigan. This German may have valuable information."

He had reached the office door, the inspector had hung up the receiver and was staring blankly after him, when again the phone buzzed. The inspector took up the instrument, said, "Yes — speaking," and then seemed to become suddenly tensed.

"One moment, sir!" he cried after Smith. "One moment!"

Smith turned, tugging at the lobe of his ear.

"Well, what is it?"

"River police, sir. Excuse me for a second."

He began to scribble on a pad; then:

"Yes—I follow. Nothing on him in the way of evidence? No—I will act at once. Good-by."

He hung up again, staring at Smith.

"They have just hauled Jacob Bohm out of the river off Tilbury," he said. "A ship's anchor caught him. He was sewn up in sailcloth. Both hands had been amputated."

OF my drive to Pelling Street, a short one, I remember not one detail, except that of a searchlight which, as we turned a corner, suddenly cleaved the dark sky like a scimitar. I had thought that the man's death rendered the visit unnecessary. Smith had assured me that it rendered it more than ever important.

"He was putting the evidence in *writing*, Kerrigan. We want his notes . . ."

I mused in the darkness. It was Ardatha who had saved me! This knowledge was a burning inspiration. In some way she had become a victim of the evil genius of Dr. Fu Manchu; her desertion had not been a voluntary one. Then, as the police driver threaded a way through streets which all looked alike, I found myself considering the fate of Jacob Bohm; the strange mutilation of Dr. Oster; those ghastly exhibits in the glass case somewhere below the old warehouse.

"Note the yellow hands"—I heard that harsh guttural voice plainly as though it had spoken in my ear. "They were contributed by a blond Bavarian." Could I doubt now that the blond Bavarian was Jacob Bohm? I should have been Fu Manchu's next ember thrown to that Moloch of science before whom he immolated fellow men as callously as the Aztec priests offered human sacrifices to Quetzalcoatl. . . .

Number 39B was identical in every way with its neighbors. All the houses stood flush to the pavement; so much I could make out. All were in darkness. In response to my ring, Mrs. Mullins presently opened the door.

"It's about your lodger, Jacob Bohm, that I'm here," I explained.

The portly figure, dimly seen, appeared to droop.

"Oh!" she whispered. "I always expected it."

I WENT in. Mrs. Mullins closed the door. She extended her hands appealingly.

"Don't say Little Jake was a spy, sir!" she exclaimed. "He was like a son to me. Don't tell me—"

"When did you see him last?"

"Ah, that's it! He didn't come home last night and I thought to myself, That's funny. Then tonight, when the young lady from the firm called and explained it was all right—"

"What young lady—some one you know?"

"Oh, no, sir—I've never seen her before. But she was sure he'd be back later and went up to wait for him. Then that air-raid warning came, and—"

"Where is this—"

I ceased speaking. A faint sound had reached my ears, coming from beyond a half-opened door. Some one was stealing downstairs!

In one bound I reached the door, threw it open, and looked up. Silhouetted against faint light from above, a woman's figure turned and dashed back! With springs in my heels, I followed, leaped into a room a pace behind her and stood squarely in the doorway.

"It seems I came just in time, Ardatha," I said, and succeeded in speaking coolly.

She faced me, standing quite still.

"You!" she whispered. "So you *are* of the police! I thought so!"

"You are wrong. I am not. But this is no time to explain." I had formed a theory of my own to account for her apparent ignorance of all that had passed between us, and I spoke gently. "I owe you my life, Ardatha, and it belongs to you with all else I have. You said you would try to understand. You must help me to understand, too. What are you doing here?"

She took a step forward, her eyes half fearful, her lips parted.

"I am obeying orders which I must obey. There are things which you can never understand. I believe you mean all you say, and God knows I want to trust you."

Almost I succumbed; her charm intoxicated me. As her accepted lover I had the right to those sweet tremulous lips. But I had read the riddle in my own way and, clenching my teeth, I resisted that maddening temptation.

"Shake off this horrible slavery!" I cried. "Come with me now. The laws of England are stronger than

the laws of Dr. Fu Manchu. You will be safe, Ardatha, and I will teach you to remember all you have forgotten."

"If I came with you now, I should die within one month—"

"That is nonsense!" I spoke hotly and regretted my violence in the next breath. "Forgive me! I would see that you were safe—even from *him*."

Ardatha shook her head. The firelight, which momentarily grew brighter, played wantonly in dancing curls.

"It is only with him that I can be safe," she replied in a low voice. "He is well served, because no one of the Si Fan dare desert him—"

"Why? Whatever do you mean?"

Her hands clutched me nervously; she hid her face.

"There is an injection. It produces a living death—catalepsy. But there is an antidote, too, which must be used once each two weeks. I have enough for one month more of life. . . . Now do you begin to understand?"

SUCH yearning overcame me, so mad a desire to hold and protect her from horrors unnamable, that, unwilled, mechanically, my arm went about her shoulders. She trembled slightly but did not resist.

"You see"—the words were barely audible—"you must let me go. Forget Ardatha. Except by the will of Dr. Fu Manchu, I can be nothing to you or to any man. I can only try to prevent him harming you." She raised her eyes to me. "Please let me go."

But I stood there, stricken motionless, gripped by anguish such as I had never known. I wondered if any lover since the world began had suffered such a moment.

Yet Fu Manchu was mortal. There must be a way.

"I shall let you go, my dearest. But don't accept the idea that it is for good. What has been done by one man can be undone by another." I continued to speak quietly and as I would have spoken to a frightened child. "Tell me, first, why you came here?"

"For Jacob Bohm's notes that he was making to give to the police," she answered simply. "I have burned everything. Look—you can see the ashes on the fire."

A glance was sufficient to convince me that not a fragment could be recovered.

"And when you leave here, where are you going?"

"It is impossible for me to tell you that. But there are servants of the Si Fan watching this house." I thought of the yellow-faced man whom we had nearly run down. "Even if you were cruel enough to try, you could not get me away. I think"—she hesitated, glanced swiftly up—"that tonight or in the early morning we leave for America."

"America!"

"Yes." She slipped free—for I had kept my arm about her shoulders. "I just could not bear to . . . say

*New papa fights COLD faster with Sal Hepatica!**

NEW PAPA: Kerchoo! Are they all right? I came the minute I . . . kerchoo!
NURSE: They're both doing fine. But with that cold, we can't let you in the room with the Baby. I'd suggest you take some fast-acting Sal Hepatica.

NEW PAPA: I guess you're right. You say Sal Hepatica will help me fast?
NURSE: It'll help fast—two ways. First, it acts quickly as a laxative—usually within an hour—and speed is important in treating any cold. Second, it helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that usually accompanies a cold.*

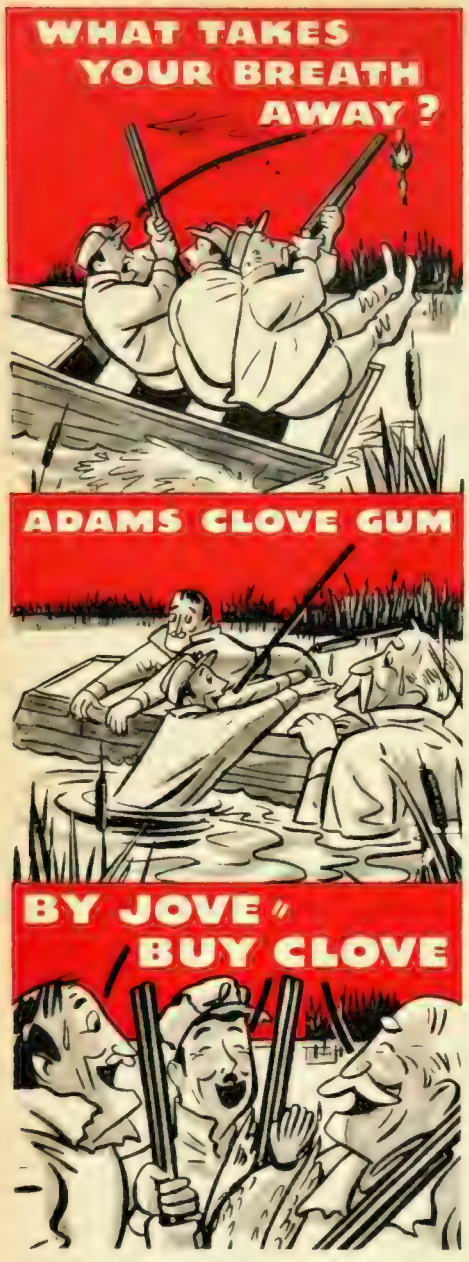
NEW PAPA: So here's the fellow who kept me waiting so long to see him, eh?
NEW MAMA: Probably *seemed* a long time, dear. But actually, I guess you've never thrown off a cold so fast in your life. Better thank Nurse for telling you about Sal Hepatica.

* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors recommend a *saline* laxative in treating colds.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today.

TUNE IN! EDDIE CANTOR in "Time to Smile"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.



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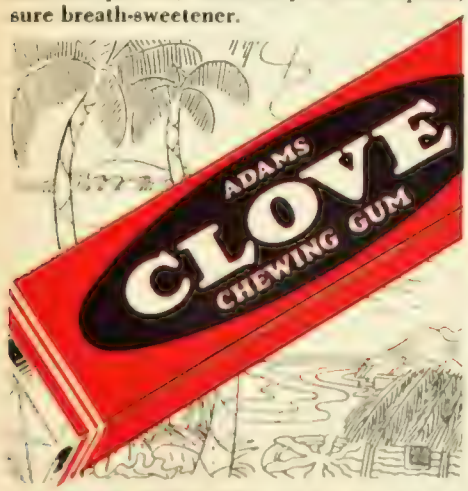


A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

good-by. Please look away for only a moment—if you really care for my happiness, I beg of you!"

I looked long and hungrily into those eyes which tonight were like twin amethysts, and walked across to the fire.

"I will try. I will try to see you again—to speak to you."

Only the faintest sound, a light tread on the stair, told me that Ardatha was gone. . . .

"I DON'T blame you, Kerrigan," said Nayland Smith; "in fact, I cannot see what else you could have done."

"Damn it, nor can I!" growled Barton.

We were back in my flat, after a night of frustration for which, in part, I held myself responsible. Barton had admitted us. He had returned an hour earlier, having borrowed my key. The police had forced a way into the old warehouse; they were still searching it when I rejoined the party. The room, the very bench on which Dr. Oster's corpse had lain, fragments of twine, they had found, but there was nothing else.

The river was being dragged for the body.

That laboratory which smelt like the morgue was below river level; it had been flooded. Only by means of elaborate pumping operations could we hope to learn what evidence still remained there of the nature of the doctor's mysterious and merciless experiments.

"Infernally narrow escape for both of us, Kerrigan," said Sir Lionel; and crossing to the buffet he replenished his glass. "Good shot, that of yours." He squirted soda water from a syphon. "I owe my life to you! You owe yours to Ardatha. Gad, there's a girl! But what an impossible situation!"

Smith stood up and, passing, grasped my shoulder.

"Even worse situations have been dealt with," he said. "I am wondering, Kerrigan, if you have recognized the clue to Ardatha's loss of memory?"

As he began to pace to and fro across my dining room:

"I think so," I replied. "That yellow devil decided to reclaim her, and it was he who destroyed her memory!"

"Exactly—as he has done before with others. I said to you some time ago, 'Fu Manchu once had a daughter—'"

"Smith!" I interrupted excitedly. "It was not until I saw Ardatha in Pelling Street that the meaning of those words came to me. If he did not hesitate in the case of his own flesh and blood to efface all memories of identity, why should he hesitate in the case of Ardatha?"

"He didn't! Ardatha remembers only that she is called Ardatha. Fu Manchu's daughter, whom once I knew by her childish name of Fah-lo-Suee, became Koreâni. You can bear me out, Kerrigan: you have met her."

"Yes, but—"

"Ardathas and Koreânis are rare. Dr. Fu Manchu has always employed beauty as one of his most potent weapons. His own daughter he regarded merely as a useful instrument, when he saw that she was beautiful. He found Ardatha difficult to replace; therefore he recalled her. Oh, she had no choice. But she has the proud spirit of her race—and so he bound her to him by this damnable living death from which there is no escape!"

He was pacing the carpet at an ever increasing speed.

"Smith," said Sir Lionel, leaning back against the buffet—for even his tough constitution had suffered in the night's work and he was comparatively subdued—"this infernal thing means that if I saw Fu Manchu before me now, I couldn't shoot him!"

"It does," Smith replied. "He was prepared to hold Kerrigan as a hostage; he overlooked the fact that while Kerrigan lived, Ardatha served the same purpose."

BARTON plunged his hands into his trouser pockets and became lost in reflection. His deep-set blue eyes danced queerly.

"We both know the Chinese," he murmured. "I don't think I should give up hope, Kerrigan. There may be a way."

"I'm sure there is—there must be!" I broke in. "Dr. Fu Manchu is subject, after all, to human laws. He is supernormal but not immortal. We all have our weaknesses. Mine, perhaps, is my love of Ardatha. He must have his, Smith! We must find Koreâni!"

"I found her two months ago!"

"What?"

"She was then in Cuba. Where she is now I cannot say. But if you suppose that Fu Manchu would turn a hairsbreadth from his path to save his daughter, you are backing the wrong horse. Assuming that we could capture her, well—as an exchange for Ardatha (freed from the living death; for I have known others who have suffered it but who live today), she would be a worthless hostage. He would sacrifice Koreâni without a moment's hesitation."

I was silent.

"Buck up, Kerrigan," said Sir Lionel. "I said there might be a way, and I stick to it."

Smith stared at him curiously.

"As for you," he remarked, "as usual, you are an infernal nuisance."

"Don't mention it!"

"I must. Your inquiries in Haiti last year, followed by your studies in Norfolk, and, finally, your conversations with the War Office, attracted the attention of Dr. Fu Manchu."

"Very likely."

"It was these conversations, reported to me while I was in the West Indies, that brought me back post-haste—"

"Fu Manchu got here first," Bar-

ton interrupted. "There were two attempts to burgle my house. Queer-looking people were watching Abbots Hold. Finally I received a notice signed 'President of the Seven,' informing me that I had twenty-four hours in which to hand over certain documents."

"You have this notice?" Smith asked eagerly.

"I *had*. It was in the stolen bag."

Smith snapped his fingers irritably. "I am prepared to hear that the fact of Fu Manchu's interest in your affairs did not dawn upon you until you got this notice?"

"Suspected it before that. These reports from the Caribbean suggested that something very queer was afoot there. It occurred to me that bigger things than a mere treasure hunt were involved, so I offered my services to the War Office—"

"And behaved so badly that you were practically thrown out! Let me explain what happened. Your earlier correspondence with the War Office, although obscure, was considered to be of sufficient importance to be transmitted in code to me. I was then in Kingston, Jamaica. I dashed home. I went first to Norfolk, learned you had left for London, and followed. That was yesterday morning. I was dashing about town, trying to pick you up. I practically followed you into the War Office, and what you had said there convinced me that at all costs I must find you."

"The War Office can go to the devil," growled Barton, refilling his glass.

I SAY," Smith went on patiently, "that I tried to tail you in London. I still have facilities, you know!" He smiled suddenly. "I gathered that you had gone to the British Museum—"

"Yes, I had."

"I failed to find you there."

"Didn't look in the right room."

"Possibly not. But I looked into one room which offered certain information." He paused to relight his pipe. "You have been working for years hunting down the few clues which remain to the hiding place of the vast treasure accumulated by Christophe of Haiti. You know your business, Barton; you haven't your equal in Europe or America when it comes to archaeological research."

"Thank you," growled Barton.

"You, ahead of them all, even ahead of the Si Fan and Dr. Fu Manchu, got on to the track of the family to whom these clues belong. You traced them by generations. And you ultimately obtained from the last bearer of the name certain objects known as the Stewart Luck; among them, Christophe's chart, showing where the bullion lies. I do not inquire *how* you managed this."

"It isn't necessary," Barton blazed. "I have my own methods."

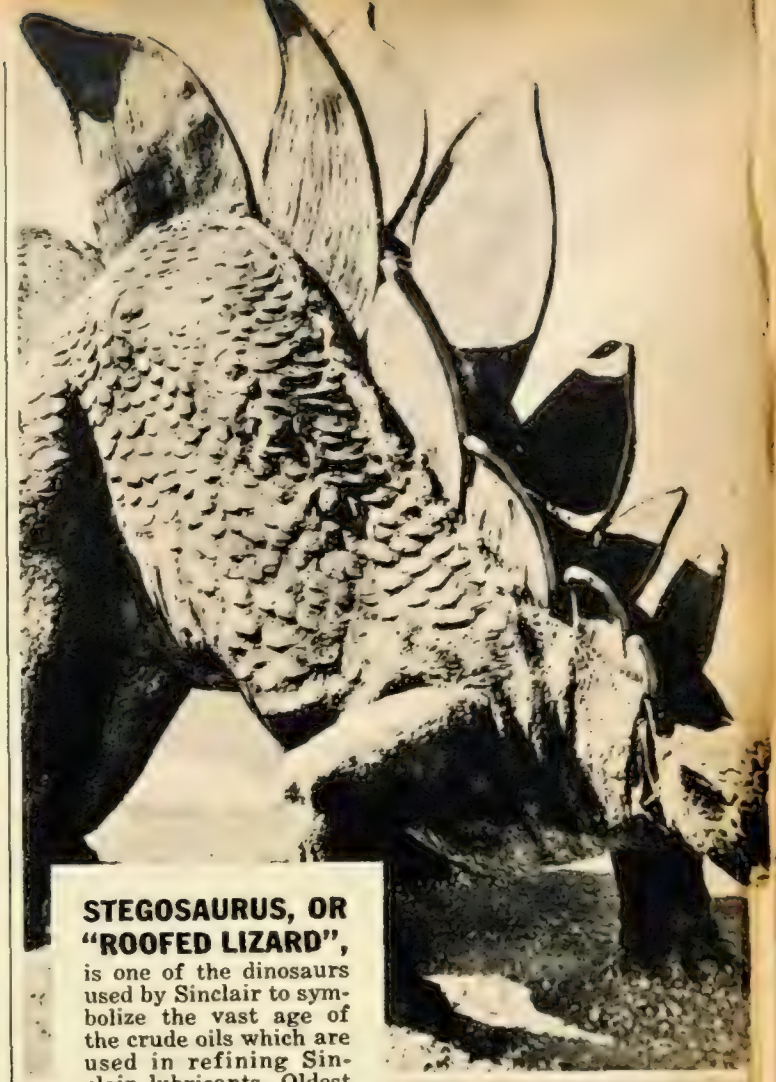
"You are not enlightening me," said Smith dryly. "My experiences with you in Khurasan, in Egypt, and elsewhere had already convinced me of this. Your latest discovery from the Portuguese of da Cunha (you see, I did not entirely waste my time in the British Museum) added enormously to your knowledge!"

Smith paused, pulled out a notecase and from it extracted a piece of paper. Switching on the green-shaded lamp on the desk, he read aloud:

"'Da Cunha says that there is "a great and lofty cave in which a fleet might lie hid, save that the way in from the sea, although both deep and wide and high, is below the tide, so that none but a mighty swimmer could compass the passage." . . . He adds that the one and only entrance from the land has been blocked, but goes on "Failing possession of Christophe's chart, no man can hope to reach the treasure."'"

Sir Lionel Barton was standing quite still, staring at Smith as one amazed.

"That quotation from a rare Portuguese MS. in the Manuscript Room," said Smith, placing the fragment in his case, the case in his pocket, and turning to look at Barton, "you copied. The curator told me that you had borrowed the MS. Since the collection is closed to the public at present, you abused your privileges, and were vandal enough to make some pencil marks on the



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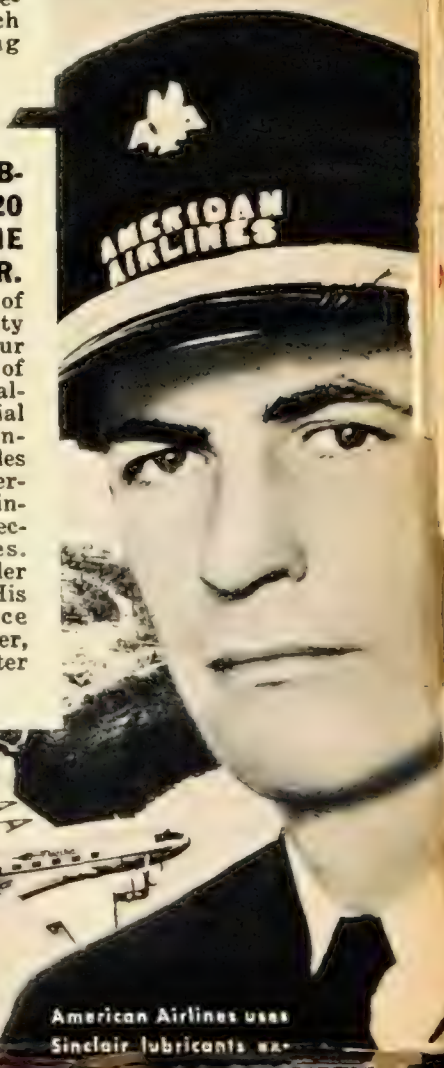

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parchment. I said, you will remember, that I was unable to find you there. I did not say that I failed to find your tracks."

Barton did not speak, nor did I.

"It was knowing what you had discovered," Smith continued, "which spurred my wild dash to find you. The bother in the Caribbean is explained. There is a plot to bottle up the American navy. Fu Manchu has played a big card."

"You are sure it *is* Fu Manchu?"

"Yes, Barton. He has a secret base in or near Haiti, and he has a new kind of submarine. No one but you — until tonight — knew of this other entrance to the cave. It is shown in that chart which was stolen from you by agents of Dr. Fu Manchu. . . ."

"Suppose it is!" cried Barton. "What I should like you to tell me, if you can, is how, if Fu Manchu is using this place as a base, he gets in and out. You don't suppose he swims? Small submarines can pass through under water, but small submarines can't carry all the gear needed for a young dockyard!"

"That point is one to which I have given some attention," said Smith. "It suggests that 'the one and only entrance from the land,' referred to by da Cunha, is not the entrance shown in the chart—"

"You mean there are two?"

"Quite possibly."

"Then why should these Si Fan devils go to such lengths to get hold of my chart?"

"Surely that is obvious. They feared an attack from this unknown point. They knew that the Intelligence services of two countries were making intensive inquiries; for while that 'great and lofty cave' remains undiscovered, it is a menace to us and to the United States."

"It's to the United States," said Barton, "that I am offering my services. My own country, as usual, has turned me down."

"Nevertheless," rapped Smith, "it is to your own country that you are offering your services. Listen. You retired from the army with the rank of major, I believe. Very well, you're lieutenant colonel."

"What?" shouted Barton.

"I've bought you from the War Office. You're mine, body and soul. You're Lieutenant Colonel Sir Lionel Barton, and you lead the expedition because I shall be in comparatively unfamiliar territory. But, remember, you act under my orders."

"I prefer to act independently."

"You've been gazetted lieutenant colonel and you're under the orders of the War Office. There's a Clipper leaves for the United States on Monday from Lisbon. I have peculiar powers. Be good enough to regard me as your commanding officer. Here are your papers."

I DREW the blinds and stared down at Bayswater Road, dismal in the light of a wet gray dawn. Sleep was out of the question. Although I heard no one enter the room behind me, a hand was placed on my shoulder. I started, turned, and looked into the lean sun-baked face of Nayland Smith.

"It's rough on you, Kerrigan," he said quietly. "Really you need rest. I know what you were thinking. But don't despair. Gallaho has set a watch on every known point of departure."

"Do you expect any result?"

He watched me for a moment compassionately, and then:

"No," he replied; "she is probably already on her way to America."

I stifled a groan.

"What I cannot understand," I said, "is how these journeys of Fu Manchu are managed."

"I don't know! I have puzzled over that very thing more times than enough. He returned from the West Indies ahead of me; yet no liner carried him and no known plane. Granting, for it is true, that he commands tremendous financial resources, in wartime no private yacht and certainly no private plane could go far unchallenged. I don't know. It is just another of those mysteries which surround Dr. Fu Manchu.

"Well," he went on, "we shall have a bodyguard up to the moment we leave Croydon by air for Lisbon. This scheme to isolate the United States navy is a major move in some dark game. It has a flaw, and Barton has found it!"

"But they have the chart—"

"Apart from the fact that he has copied the chart, Barton has an encyclopedic memory, hence Fu Manchu's anxiety to make sure of him."

LONDON was not awake. It came to me that Smith and I alone were alive to a peril greater than any which had threatened the world. In the silence, for not even the milkmen were abroad yet, I could hear Barton breathing regularly in the spare bedroom—that hardened old campaigner could have slept on Judgment Day.

My phone bell rang.

"What's this?" muttered Smith.

I opened the communicating door and went into the writing room. I took up the receiver. "Hullo," I said. "Who wants me?"

"Are you Paddington 54321?"

"Yes."

"Call from Zennor. . . . You're through, miss."

My heart began to beat wildly as I glanced toward the open door where Nayland Smith, haggard in the gray light, stood watching.

"Is that—you?" asked a nervous voice.

I suppose my eyes told Smith; he withdrew and quietly closed the door.

"Ardatha! My dear, my dear! This is too wonderful! Where are you?"

"I am in Cornwall. I have risked ever so much to speak to you before we go; and we are going in an hour—"

"But, Ardatha!"

"Please listen. Time is so short for me. Hassan told me what had happened. I knew your name and found your number in the book. It was my only chance to know if you were alive. I thank the good God that you are, because, you see, I am so alone and unhappy, and you—I like to believe that I have forgotten, now, because otherwise I should be ashamed to think about you so much!"

"Ardatha!"

"We shall be in New York on Thursday. I know that Nayland Smith is following us. If I am still there when you arrive I will try to speak to you again. There is one thing that might save me—you understand?—a queer, a silly little thing, but—"

"Yes, yes, Ardatha! What is it? Tell me!"

"I risked capture by the police to try to catch Peko—Dr. Fu Manchu's marmoset. That was when . . . we met. This pet, he is very old, is more dear to his master than any living thing. Try to find out . . ."

Silence: I was disconnected!

FRANTICALLY I called the exchange; but all the consolation I received from the night operator was:

"Zennor's rung off, sir."

"Smith!" I shouted and burst into the dining room.

Nayland Smith was standing staring out of the window. He turned and faced me.

"Yes," he said coolly, "it was Ardatha. Where is she and what had she to say?"

Rapidly, perhaps feverishly, I told him; and then:

"The marmoset!" I cried. "Barton caught it. What did he do with it?"

"Do with it!" came Sir Lionel's great voice, and he appeared at the other end of the room, his mane of hair disheveled. "What did it do with *me?* After the blasted thing—it's all of a thousand years old, and I know livestock — had bitten me twice last night, I locked it in the wardrobe. This morning—"

He raised a bloodstained finger, there was a shrill angry whistle, and a tiny monkey, a silver-gray thing no larger than a starling, shot through the doorway behind him, paused, chattered wickedly, and sprang from the buffet onto a high cornice.

"There's your marmoset!" cried Barton. "I should have strangled him if I hadn't known Chinese character! I said, Kerrigan, there might be a way. This is the way. There's your hostage!"

Will the marmoset prove to be the means of releasing Ardatha from the deadly spell of Fu Manchu? Won't the wiliest of Chinamen outplay the shrewdest of white bargainers? Aren't the stakes in the Caribbean too great for any individual dickering? Surprising, thrilling moves are just ahead in next week's Liberty.

I DON'T CARE HOW LUCKY YOU ARE

there's *one chance* you dare not take!

"BEFORE I tell you what it is, let me say this: In twenty years of handling salesmen, it's the No. 1 Jonah. I know. Because I once took the chance myself . . . and lost. Let me give you the picture . . .

"For years we had been trying to get a crack at some of the immense and profitable Apex business—without success . . . couldn't even get in.

"Then one day Fate dumped me down in a coast-to-coast plane in a seat right alongside Apex's president.

"What a break! What an opportunity! And did I muff it? Once on a friendly basis, he actually drank in everything I had to say about our line . . . asked a hundred questions. I thought I had done the best job of quiet, restrained selling of my career. But at Salt Lake City he asked the stewardess to switch him into the seat across the aisle and from there in he was 'icicles.'

"I couldn't understand why then, and I never knew until a chance remark I overheard months afterward revealed what had irritated him. Know what it was? My breath. It killed my chances cold . . . just as it can kill so many other men's chances.

"So I am saying to you men, now, that your breath is one of the things you dare not gamble on as long as you're working for me.

"So here's an order: Before you make your calls, help put your breath on the more agreeable side with Listerine."

The Easy Precaution

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (bad breath); that's the insidious thing about it. Unknowingly, you can offend the person you are most eager to impress. That's bad . . . in business and social life.

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Simply rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine Antiseptic. It quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, and less likely to offend. Your entire mouth feels fresher.

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Get the facts and you'll get a FORD

"I turned and ran off, terribly ashamed." In circle: Pat Comiskey.

A famous fighter looks ahead — and names Joe Louis' successor!

Is there a Heavyweight Champion in the House?

BY JACK DEMPSEY

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IS there a future heavyweight champion in the house?

I believe there is—definitely. And I think he will win his title in September, 1942. His name is—

But first let's size up the heavyweight situation today. Joe Louis, having eliminated all of his logical contenders with the exception of Red Burman, and Max Baer by virtue of a pseudo-comeback, revolutionized the entire heavyweight picture. These events made way for the new crop of youngsters in the class, which is bigger now than it ever was.

Louis has declared he will never "retire with the title" but will keep on fighting until some one wins it from him, and then make at least one effort to regain it. Well, in the natural course of events, some one will come along sooner or later and win it from him. Let's look at some of the live ones who might do this.

Billy Conn of Pittsburgh, the best light-heavyweight in the world, and Clarence "Red" Burman, formerly of Baltimore but now of New York, are the only real contenders who have not been beaten by Louis; they haven't fought him yet. Both vow they can "take" him. Conn has been cutting a wide swath among the heavyweights of late; he eliminated Bob Pastor, and if he keeps on he'll be the one to face Joe Louis in the feature outdoor bout of next year. Burman may prove the snag in Conn's path toward a title bout.

"Red" seems doomed to chase the "No. 1 Challenger." First it was Bob Pastor; Burman was Bob's most persistent and consistent challenger. They have been playing hide-and-seek with each other for about two years, Red doing the seeking and Pastor the hiding. They have been matched three times but have yet to meet in the ring.

Now Burman is chasing Conn. Billy is an extremely clever boxer, but I believe he may be doomed to the same fate as his prototype, Tommy Loughran, another former light-heavyweight champion, who whipped most of the heavyweight contenders of his day but failed in his quest for the heavyweight title.

As I write this, Mike Jacobs is closing a match between Conn and Savold for Madison Square Garden on November 29, and the winner will be matched with Burman. Right now it looks as if Conn's cleverness and experience should offset Lee's wallop.

As for Burman—well, Burman's style reminds me of one of my earliest battles. It was before I was in my teens, back in Manassa, Colorado. Mother was in the kitchen doing the washing. Pa sat in a chair tilted against the wall in the sunshine outside. We kids were playing in the dusty road when ma called:

"Pa, come in here and give me a hand with these dishes!"

"Ain't got time, ma," pa replied. "I'm too busy thinkin' 'bout business."

"Huh!" snorted a fresh kid named Mickey, whose pa was lolling in the doorway across the road. "What an excuse! Why, yer old man ain't worked in twenty years!"

This disrespectful exaggeration got my goat and the battle was on. We were going at it hammer and tongs when Mickey squawked:

"Hey, pa, he bit me!"

"Wal, bite 'im back—he ain't pizen," drawled Mickey, senior. But his advice came too late, for as Mickey let up for an instant to register his complaint, I cracked him on the jaw. Then and there I learned the wisdom of taking quick advantage of every opening, and patterned my future along those lines. By all of which I mean that Burman is a fighter who lets no grass grow under his feet when he's in there.

If Burman ever gets the chance, he has the punch, stamina, and gameness to give Joe Louis a real tussle.

I had high hopes for Buddy Baer, but so far he's been something of a disappointment. St. Louis has an Irish lad named Dan Dowling who looked like a comer when I saw him. So did Tony Novack of Kansas City, six feet tall, 210-pound former National A. A. U. champion, and Billy Poland, a New York boy born of Polish parents, who is six feet two and weighs 190. He's been fighting two years as a pro and had scored seventeen knockouts in twenty-seven fights the last time I checked on him.

Lee Savold looks like a natural fighter to me. He was born in Decorah, Iowa, of Norwegian parents, and when he was sixteen he hitchhiked to a county fair in Madison, Minnesota. He landed there flat broke, and then heard a showman offering twenty-five dollars to any one who could stay four rounds with his "champeen." They battled with

might and main, and Lee K. O.'d the so-called champ, one Wallace Burns, in the second. This hectic victory decided him to turn prizefighter; but on a trek to the Pacific Coast he got punched around considerably by Phil Brubaker, Ford Smith, and Hank Hankinson. Finally he drifted back to St. Paul, and here he was taken up by Pinky George, a boxing promoter from Des Moines, who became his manager, got Mike Gibbons to give him some boxing instruction, and started him all over again.

Today Savold seems to have struck his stride. Last March he was beaten by Johnny Whiters, a 205-pound Negro of Pontiac, Michigan. He then knocked out Eddie Boyle of Cleveland, and was rematched with Whiters. But he had busted a thumb against Boyle's chin, and Whiters took on a substitute. That was in April; but on June 24, in Des Moines, Iowa, Savold battered Whiters all over the ring.

When I was Savold's age, I too had been battered around, had been knocked out—by Fireman Jim Flynn—and had gotten a bad shellacking from John Lester Johnson, who busted a few of my ribs, although I managed to win the popular decision.

"Wild Bill" Boyd of Seattle, Washington, ranks along with Pastor and Burman in point of experience. For two years he was champion of the United States navy. He packs a terrific wallop, knows plenty about boxing, and is about the age Jim Jeffries was when he won the world's championship.

Now we come to that broth of a boy, Patrick Edward Comiskey of Paterson, New Jersey. When I first saw Pat in a Garden prelim, he was wild, but he finally managed to connect with a right-hander that spun his opponent into slumberland.

The boxing world has a tender spot in its heart for Irish battlers, and with this thought in mind Bill Daly, of the Paterson Dalys, a boxing manager, journeyed to Ireland a few years ago, intent upon discovering an Irish heavyweight who preferred fighting to singing. Not findin any such animal, he returned home sorely disappointed—and then, right in his own back yard, almost, he stumbled upon Pat Comiskey. In his early fights Pat mowed down all opposition, chiefly with a powerful right-hand smash, until finally he was sent against Steve Dudas, who proceeded to make him look foolish.

Watching Comiskey in this first fight with Dudas, Paddy White, the veteran fight fan, asked me if I thought Comiskey ever would become world's champion. I gave him the old answer: "You never can tell!"

I remembered the time when people didn't think I'd ever be champion. One Sunday afternoon when Jack Kearns and I were broke in New York, we received an offer to appear on the stage at Miner's Bowery Theater—for one performance only. We were to get fifty bucks, and we needed it. Kearns was ballyhooing me for a shot at Jess Willard at the time, and when our turn came, he went out on the stage and introduced me as the "next champion of the world." I'd never been on a stage before. They turned the spotlight on me and Kearns beat it, leaving me out there all alone. I just stood there like a gawk; I couldn't speak. Finally the audience began to laugh, and then they began throwing their paper programs. I turned and ran off and right out of the theater. I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed.

A few minutes afterward, as I waited for Kearns in a little restaurant near by, a couple of old tads came in. They had just come out of the theater. They looked like hod carriers. "Bah, that Dempsey," one of them, who had hands like an elephant's feet, was saying. "*Him* the next champeen? Say, if that guy can win the champeenship, I kin make a watch!"

WHEN I next saw Comiskey in battle after that defeat at the hands of Dudas, he had improved 300 per cent. Not only did he give Dudas quite a shellacking in a return battle in June, but on July 2, in the semi-final to the Baer-Galento thing, he made short work of Robert E. Lee Sikes, a 190-pound six-footer from Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Victory over Sikes boosted Comiskey's stock, in my estimation, immensely.

But Pat was still raw as a spud in the ground and, what was worse by far, he didn't realize it. Whether his manager, Bill Daly, did or not is a question, but to my amazement they matched Comiskey with Max Baer! The bout with Baer turned out just as I expected, and in the first round I stepped in and stopped what had become a one-sided affair. That technical K. O. by Baer should do Pat a world of good—if he has the real championship spark in him. Right now he doesn't belong in the same ring with Conn or Burman, but his day will come. He's only twenty years old.

Summing up, Comiskey, Burman, and Savold appear to me to have the spark that makes them stand out. They have one thing in common—a gosh-awful wallop! Any of them is capable of scoring a one-punch knockout with either hand. They still have to learn, as I had to, *how* to hit; I mean, so they won't injure their hands. This race for the heavyweight title is a good deal like a poker game—the fellow with the best hands will win.

All right, Mr. Bones, who's the fellow holding the best hands? In my opinion, he's Patrick Edward Comiskey! This young Irishman *still* looks to me as if he was going to become the youngest world's heavyweight champion ever to hold the title.

THE END

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KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY · CHICAGO

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

SLAP your face good and red before you pick out the color of your winter-sports costume. Red cheeks are an important factor in the ensemble. You'll have them when you are frolicking amid the snowdrifts, so you'd better select your get-up to harmonize. . . . Vera Maxwell, ace designer of sports styles, has been giving me advance information about the new trends in winter-sports wear for 1941. Ski suits of bright cold violet will be considered very *chic,* she tells me, because they blend so effectively with snow shadows. A soft new shade known as winter green will be combined with scarlet or cherry or golden yellow. We should be ever so grateful, says Vera, to the makers of streamlined flannel underwear. Without it we could not possibly look so *svelte* in our baggy ski pants. . . . And *they* should be bought, says Vera, full-shaped enough for any amount of bending. Don't use powder or make-up when you go skiing—only lipstick. You'll get warm and the make-up might smear. Before stepping out in the cold, take ten deep breaths and sniff a little vaseline up your nose. . . . For skating, wear an untrimmed skirt just an inch or two shorter than your daytime skirts. Carry a big gaudy handbag to hold your mittens and extra skating socks. . . . Vera Maxwell danced in the Metropolitan Opera ballet before she took up dress designing. She gets many style inspirations from South America, but her latest comes from Professor Albert Einstein of relativity fame. She said, "I noticed he wears his jackets longer than most men do, and that his have no stiff lapels. I modeled my new evening jackets for ladies more or less from his."

☆ You needn't be very competent at a winter sport to gain satisfaction from it, says a young lady friend of mine who went skiing, last winter, at the fashionable Sun Valley resort in Idaho. A duffer on skis, she fell hard for a boy there, but had no chance to work on him because he was always swooping and flashing over the hills, miles too fast for her. Then luck skidded in. Despite all his skill—compared to her incompetence—he and she both sprained an ankle on the same day. After that they were together on wheel chairs. All the chance in the world to do her stuff, which you can bet she did!

☆ This unusual meat-loaf recipe was given me recently by a refugee lady from Holland. It makes an ideal hot dish for a buffet supper after winter sports. . . . Have your meat man run 1½ pounds round steak, ¼ pound pork, and 2 lamb kidneys twice through his grinder. Add ½ cup stale bread crumbs soaked in milk then squeezed dry, ½ cup canned tomatoes, 2 teaspoons celery salt, a little minced parsley, a pinch of red pepper, grated onion to taste. Shape into loaf; brush with beaten egg, sprinkle thickly with bread crumbs, and bake slowly for 50 minutes. Baste with butter while baking. Serve with tomato sauce and candied sweet potatoes.

☆ If you feel thrilled or amused by the temperamental lives of great musicians, poets, etc., read Maurice Dumesnil's new book, Claude Debussy, Master of Dreams. (Published by Ives Washburn.) I adore M. Dumesnil's account of the historic fracas that raged so dramatically when Debussy's new wife had to save him from being bludgeoned with a stick by Maurice Maeterlinck, because *Maeterlinck's* wife (Georgette Leblanc) had been excluded from the opening cast of the opera, Pelléas et Mélisande—excluded in favor of a then obscure singer named Mary Garden. *What* a ladies' man that Debussy was!

☆ Are *onions* a necessity or a luxury? In England this question is worrying government experts who regulate wartime food prices. So far they haven't been able to decide whether or not the onion is essential to the people's diet. Could *you* live happily without onions, or couldn't you?

"—and this is the guest room!"

☆ As you've probably read in your newspaper, employees of New York night clubs are obliged now by law to be fingerprinted. Also, you may have read how the Junior League girls of San Francisco rang professional gamblers in on their charity benefit bazaar, sharing the *take* from roulette, blackjack, birdcage, and other cutthroat games. I discussed this with a police executive. He said, "It seems to me we ought to start fingerprinting night-club customers—especially the debutantes."

☆ Seven months ago I wrote about tall girls and their clothes troubles. The same topic has since been *discovered* by clip journalists—colleagues with more scissors than originality. Recent letters from lofty stenographers ask me to plug for some kind of adjustable typewriter desk that could be jacked up to relieve their cramped knees. (Clippers please copy.)

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

MRS. BILLMAN'S *private life*

Here's laughter — A lively, human tale of a modern mother and an old romance

EVERYTHING happened, including the policemen, because the doctor told young Mrs. Billman that she would have nervous exhaustion again unless she got away from her two children for a couple of weeks.

She protested in tired tears that it was darned unnecessary. But she left, a curly-headed boyish figure, almost slender enough to break in two, for Washington, D. C. Washington had been her girlhood home.

As the train began to move, she ran to the platform and called down to her husband, "Gregg! Be sure Louisiana serves two green vegetables every day, and keep an eye on Dog; he's acting funny—"

When tall dark Gregg Billman, running beside the train, pantomimed that he could not hear her, she pressed her handkerchief against her mouth and cried and cried.

She was family watchdog and buttress and pillow. She had as many functions as one of those fine kitchen electric mixers. And, like the electric mixer, she had no life of her own.

That was Margaret Billman—up to her sixth afternoon in Washington, up to that moment at a cocktail party when a man's voice said, "It couldn't be—Margaret?"

She swung around, her heart stopping, and looked into the gay eyes of a man with sun-baked mahogany skin.

"Vance!" She caught his hands and they laughed at nothing, just as they had laughed that spring Margaret was eighteen, thirteen years ago.

It was a new Margaret that returned to her family.

She billowed down to breakfast her first morning home in amazing new yellow silk slacks. She had yellow bows in her hair—Margaret, who had been wearing paler and paler nail polish each year, and severe shirtwaist dresses and suits that she could forget. She was smiling to herself.

And she had forgotten today, Sat-

Toni belched explosively. Benjy saw red. "All right. Just for that," he said—"Mother! Ma!"

urday, was Benjy's eighth birthday. Odder, she said he could have any present he wanted.

Benjy's mouth dropped open. "Any present? Even a twelve-fifty transformer for my 'lectric train?" Benjy had a good transformer and Margaret hated waste.

"Even that, toots," Margaret smiled.

Benjy yelled, "Boy!" and tossed the tissue papers from his presents into the air.

With one eye on his mother, he reached across the table and drew Toni's orange juice against his own. He laid his bristly round head down in his plate to measure the glasses. He kept his own: it was fuller.

Margaret was looking at this illicit traffic with that dreaming smile of hers, and she did not seem to care.

Gregg said "Margaret" twice. "Maggie!" he said sharply the third time.

Distinguished-looking was the word for Gregg. You thought of

BY THELMA JONES

board meetings when you looked at him.

Margaret started. "Yes, Gregg?" Then she really focused on her husband. "Gregg, sure you don't care if Vance Eaton and I write to each other? He said to be very sure."

"I told you last night I didn't care a hoot," he said heartily. "Everybody ought to have some private source of happiness—"

"That's it!" Margaret lit up. "Some private *something*—"

"—If," Gregg continued, his eyes on his plate, "it can be done without hurting any one else."

"What I want to know is, who is this dope Vance?" Toni rattled. She was tiny for eleven and she talked like a machine gun.

"He's a man, dear, I—liked very much just before I married your father. We always had fun." Margaret smiled her inward smile. "It was a miracle I saw him again. He had to leave the digging in the Soviet Union because of the war, and he's on his way to northern China—he's an achaeologist—"

The kitchen door swung toward them and black Louisiana marched in carrying high the largest silver platter. Upon it were five worn, single-spaced, typewritten sheets of paper. These were the menus and lists Margaret had left to govern the Billman life during her absence. The lists covered even improbabilities like fire and fractured legs.

"Ready for examination, Mrs. Billman."

Margaret smiled up at her. "I'm sure everything went well, Louisiana."

"You mean you ain't going to check on me?" Louisiana demanded.

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"Why, no, Louisiana. I can see that everything went well, and I'm going to be busy today."

"Everything did not go well," said Louisiana indignantly. "We got trouble with Dog. I can't even let him out without a leash. He goes crazy outdoors. Closed his teeth over Benjy's hand last week—"

"But not from meanness, only excitement," Benjy said.

"Benjy and his dumb dope friends get Dog excited on purpose," Toni said.

SHE no longer loved Benjy. He would not let her boss and defend him any more. He used to be cute, but look at him now! His hair stood up behind in a stiff fan, and the upper part of him looked skinny in tight striped jerseys and the lower half of him swelled out in big proud corduroy knickers.

Holding his eyes, Toni slowly laid a hand on her sweatered stomach. Toni was getting pretty in a delicate white-and-gold way, but she still belched at will. Nothing made Benjy so mad as to be belched at. Toni pressed her hand into her stomach and belched explosively.

Margaret did not seem to hear. Gregg said, "Really, Toni!"

Benjy saw red. "All right. Just for that," he said—"Mother! Ma! Mother, there's a lady who has a picket fence on Toni's way over to Nancy's house, and Toni runs a stick against the lady's pickets and she told Toni not to and Toni sassed her and the lady said if Toni did it one more time she would call the police!"

Margaret said, "Oh, dear," absently. Gregg eyed his wife with one of his eyebrows climbing. He rose.

Margaret rose too. "Gregg, Vance and I are going to write weekly. Just a friendly record of what happens to us."

Without answering, Gregg put on his overcoat, picked up his briefcase and hat. He kissed the top of Toni's fine fair hair.

"Look, gal," he said, "we respect other people's property."

He went around the table and lifted Benjy's little chin with his fist. "Many happy returns of the day—and don't take Dog out and get him excited."

He was saying the things Margaret should have said. Each child gave him an elegant grin and took his admonitions lightly. Margaret was the boss.

"I won't be home for dinner, Margaret," Gregg said.

"You're not missing a thing, dad," Toni sneered. "Benjy's invited some squirts he calls the seven toughest men in the second grade for birthday dinner."

"But a birthday party!" Margaret cried in dismay. "I have to write Vance today, if he's to get it. He takes the China Clipper day after tomorrow—"

Gregg swung her off her feet. "That's your problem, Maggie." He kissed her. "It's something to have you back running us—know it, gal?" he said huskily. He bent her curly head back and kissed her hard.

"Mushy stuff," commented both children, pleased.

"Darling," Margaret murmured. She patted his tie. "Gregg, I'm going to illustrate my letters with crazy little drawings. Vance and I used to do that years ago—"

"Oh, the hell with Vance!" Gregg roared. He bolted out the French doors that led to the garage. At once he returned, shame on his fine dark face. "I don't know why on earth I said that, Maggie," he grinned. "Play like I didn't, h'm-m?" He was gone.

Benjy dashed away from the table, dashed back in his leather jacket and the leather helmet that pushed his soft little features together in a fearful scowl. Mechanically Toni put her foot out to trip him. As mechanically Benjy jumped clear. At the door Dog leaped upon him, pleading to go out too.

"Dog couldn't come outdoors too, could he, mother, could he, huh? Or could he?" It never hurt to ask, Benjy always figured.

Margaret smiled inattentively. "Good-by, birthday boy." She went into the small pine-paneled library, the household streaming after her.

Benjy and Dog darted out the French doors. This new Margaret meant, to Benjy, fiesta.

Louisiana started to explode about Dog, shook her head, and weakly asked what was the birthday dinner.

"You choose it, Louisiana. I'm going to be busy."

"Me!" Louisiana threw up her hands.

Firmly Margaret closed the library door in their faces. She turned the key. Toni stood there staring outraged at the door.

LOUISIANA went back to the kitchen, her world, unbuttressed, rocking. She leafed through a cookbook, closed it, and cast about her helplessly. Her eyes fell upon the shelf where the liquor was kept, fixed thoughtfully upon a bottle of cognac.

Benjy shouted for Kenny Keith next door. Dog, barking, capered around him in circles. Kenny burst out of his house with a red muffler around his neck. The muffler had a long swaying end.

Margaret sat down at the library desk and began to write. "Dear Vance—" Too stiff. She crumpled the piece of stationery. "Vance dear—" No! She discarded the paper, blushing faintly. A soft body thudded against the door.

"Yes?" Margaret muttered.

"I haven't anything to do," Toni said, with her mouth against the door.

"Find something." Margaret drew another sheet of paper toward her.

Toni shrieked, "Why didn't you marry that dope if you love him so much?"

Margaret unlocked the door. She

opened her arms. Toni threw herself against the yellow silk and the fine slender bones under it, and hugged hard, and Margaret hugged hard and was mother, swell and perfect, the way Toni needed her.

"People don't marry everybody they care for," Margaret said. "I love the three of you—understand? But sometimes my job is a pretty grim treadmill. I want something"—Margaret's voice was queer and choked up—"something pleasant for myself, and I'm going to have it. Now leave me alone." She tilted Toni's little face, kissed it, and closed the door with finality.

A few minutes later Benjy pounded frantically at the kitchen door. Wiping her mouth on the back of her hand, Louisiana dropped the cognac back of the breadbox.

"Mrs. Billman!" she shouted.

Margaret came running. Benjy's and Kenny's eyes were wide with fright. Kenny, pale and important, held up his hand from which blood ran in four thin trickles. "See, it's only a little blood, and it wasn't Dog's fault, because his teeth just slipped."

Margaret caught Kenny's wrist and ran with him to the lavatory. Deftly she treated and bandaged the little hand. "Now run tell your mother, Kenny, and if she isn't perfectly satisfied, have her call a doctor. Of course we are responsible for doctor bills. I'll phone your mother, too. Run."

She locked the library door again. "Oh, Vance—" she began to write. She forgot to call Kenny's mother.

Toni and Benjy lunched in the kitchen.

"Mother said we're both a grim treadmill. She hates us," Toni hissed at Benjy.

"Such talk!" said Louisiana cheerily. She felt wonderful now. She was mixing birthday cake with great slow sweeping gestures. The phone rang. Louisiana dropped an egg and caught it in mid-air as she passed.

"Whoops!" she cried.

"Mrs. Billman!" she shouted. "Police on the phone."

Margaret burst out of the library, pen in hand. The children came dashing.

AFTER Margaret hung up the receiver she said, "Children, now be brave. Dog has to go to the pound for ten days to be observed. A policeman is on his way. Kenny's mother called a doctor and the doctor reported it. It seems that's the law."

Benjy knelt down and put his forehead on Dog's neck.

"Oh, Dog!" he cried out. "It's my fault—"

A uniformed policeman rang the doorbell. He was a large stony young man. He handed Margaret a stiff leather leash with a noose end.

"Take the dog's collar off and slip this on. Got any dog food?" he asked.

Toni found only one can. The policeman took it. "This'll do for today. Be down with a nine-day supply before four o'clock this afternoon or your dog will eat pound food."

"Pound food!" the Billmans echoed.

"The pound's clean but the food's not so hot."

"All right," said Margaret. Then she looked down at the pen in her hand. "No," she said decisively; "I can't make it."

Benjy sobbed. The policeman took the leash. "Well, it's your dog," he shrugged. Dog trotted down the steps with him so gaily! The policeman turned. "Call for your dog before four o'clock a week from Monday, or he will be destroyed."

Toni did a tiptoe dance of rage. "You destroy Dog and I'll come down there and—"

THE policeman started up the big blue patrol truck. Toni and Benjy stood looking down at Dog's collar. Margaret, torn, implored them, "Oh, smile, kids! It's a birthday, and Dog will be perfectly all right—and I'm so busy—" She fled back to the library.

Dog's collar lay curved from the shape of his neck. Benjy picked it up. The green lining was still warm. Toni snatched it. Then she gave it back. Together they laid the collar before the fireplace, Dog's favorite spot. Then Toni marched to the library door and rapped sharply.

"Antoinette Billman—" Margaret groaned. She had a frantic light in her eyes. There was ink on her cheek and the carpet about her was littered with crumpled paper.

"Well, I haven't anything to do," said Toni defiantly.

"Go over to Nancy's. Go somewhere—do something—anything!"

Toni darted down the street, jingling. She always carried a pocketful of little bells to make a happy sound. But her small mouth was hard. Anything, Margaret had said. She did not care what happened to her children. They could get run over and their insides could squish all over the street and she would not care, Toni told herself.

Toni's thin legs twinkled around the corner. Here was Old Lady Foster's picket fence. Toni picked up a stick and, with a thrill of recklessness, ran the length of the fence with the stick *clickety-clicking* against the white pickets.

She was on her third run when Old Lady Foster plunged out of her neat white door. She was fat, heavily powdered, and her hair was glued in tight yellow pin curls. She wore glasses and a dark red housecoat.

"I caught you this time!" she shrieked. "Destroying people's property—"

"I was only making a nice sound."

"A nice sound!" Suddenly Old Lady Foster smiled. "I never had kids myself. Maybe I don't understand 'em. Wouldn't you like to come in?"

"Not particularly."

"You needn't be scared." The

Old Mr. Boston says:

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woman smiled at Toni winningly.

"Scared! Me?" Toni sailed in at the picket gate and up to Old Lady Foster.

Old Lady Foster grabbed Toni by the coat collar and her fat hand came down—*slap*—across Toni's face.

"How do you like that for a sound?" she cried. "Will!" she called. "Wi-ill!"

A bald little man in shirt sleeves immediately opened the door.

"Will, I caught one. Call the police."

"Why, you don't fight fair," Toni said in a tiny voice that was not her own.

She twisted and wrenched and tried to get free. Old Lady Foster slapped her again. Then Toni fought. She kicked and hit with her fists. It was fun—terrible, scary fun. The woman was soft and heavy. It was like fighting dough. Toni kept her head down away from the slapping hand, and struck blindly upward. She knocked Old Lady Foster's glasses off, and the woman called her words Toni had never heard before.

As she twisted, gasping, the squad car drew up to the curb. Two policemen climbed out and sauntered into the yard.

"What's it this time?" the redheaded one asked.

The woman stooped and gathered a handful of clods. "Look," she said. "She was throwing these at my windows—"

"I didn't!" Toni cried.

"And she was destroying my fence, and when I asked her not to, she attacked me. Knocked my glasses fifteen feet into the air."

Toni looked up through her hair at the policemen.

"Come along now, sis."

There was not much room between the policemen in the car. They started up.

Toni asked, trembling, "Is jail food bad like pound food?"

"Jail food?" echoed the red-haired policeman.

"Aren't I going to jail?"

"Hell, no!" exploded the other policeman.

The red-haired one said, "Mac, you know what I'd like to do to that old—" He opened his big freckled hands and then squeezed them tight on the wheel.

Toni quavered, "I didn't throw clods, and I don't lie. Not even to make people happy. And I nev—I nev—never cry—" She put her head down on Mac's blue sleeve and wept.

They told her fiercely that she was their little girl friend. Sure, she had done wrong, but they liked a good two-fisted kid who carried a pocketful of jingle bells around, and how about an ice-cream cone?

In the drugstore Mac washed her face with a handkerchief and a glass of water. They told her she was going to have a lulu of a black eye.

She asked to be let out at the corner.

"Sure," said Rusty, stopping the car. "No need to worry your mother with this."

"No, it's the neighbors," she explained. "Our family has already had the police once today. My mother, she doesn't care what happens to me."

The birthday party had arrived. Toni could hear it clear out on the sidewalk. She dashed around the back way and up the back steps.

She pulled down the shades in her room and fell across the bed. She lay without moving, hands over her thundering heart.

Margaret, in a new funny hat, came to the door of Toni's darkened room. She was drawing on white gloves.

"Headache, dear?" she asked.

"Just resting," said Toni evenly.

"I've finished my letter—aren't you glad?" Margaret waved the letter. The smile left her face. She turned the letter over and frowned. "Anyway, I think I've finished it," she said slowly. Then she wailed, "Oh, dear, what *did* I write?" She ripped the envelope open and quickly read, her face turning pink. "No," she murmured. "Oh, *no!* I didn't mean *that*. I'll have to do it over." She ran hurriedly down the stairs.

Toni, hearing the library door slam, smiled with bitter maturity.

The roar of the birthday party had stopped. Toni tiptoed down the stairs and peaked over the banister.

On the living-room floor the eight toughest men in the second grade wrestled in pairs. The room smelled like a basketball game.

The white tôle lamp went over with a crash. Margaret wrote, unhearing. Louisiana sat at the kitchen table, her head cradled in her arms. The cognac, after carrying her to confidence enough to prepare dinner, had dropped her into self-pity.

Some one had to take charge. Toni flew back upstairs and dug into her dress-up box—a mussed collection of the Billman discarded clothes. She walked into the birthday party dressed as a harem favorite in Benjy's old balbriggan pajamas. A faded pink chiffon nightgown completely veiled her disfigured face.

"Stop, you dopes!" she shouted. "You're wrecking the house!"

Benjy staggered to his feet, sweaty and delirious with unconstraint. His undershirt had pulled out and fell over his knickers in a wide white frill.

"She's a dame, men. Don't pay attention to a dame. Pig pile!" he howled. And the eight boys piled on top of each other. "I'm hot," Benjy called from the midst of the pile. "Outside, guys. Last man out is a dumb egg."

"Put on your coats!" Toni screamed, rushing to block the front door.

"Dame!" they mocked, coming toward her, panting, their faces blazing hot, their hair in wet strings. She kicked at them, but they swept her away from the door and stampeded out into the icy air.

"Stop them!" Toni shook Louisiana's shoulder. "What's the matter with you, Louisiana?"

Louisiana slowly lifted her head from the kitchen table.

"Stopping the boys is your mama's business. An' she don't care."

The boys rushed in and out, front door, back door, dining-room doors, and as they passed through the house they chanted, "Dame, dame, dame," and doubled over with mirth.

Toni ran and pounded upon the library door.

"Oh, Toni, p-l-l-lease!" Margaret half sobbed.

"Mother, it's the boys—"

"They're all right. Having fun. Forget them."

There was a faint burnt smell in the air. It aroused Louisiana, but she moved so vaguely that Toni helped her serve up dinner.

Wide Awake! Up to Date!

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

Who are the very best judges of a football star's true worth? Are they the coaches on the side lines? The bench warmers? The sports writers? The publicity promoters?

Or—are they the opponents who have met him, and met his rival stars too, on the gridiron? In other words, are they the 950-odd player judges whose verdicts select Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team?

The answer is plain. Football fans have known it for years. But did you realize that Liberty's All-Players All-America not only lists the genuine four-star stars but points out the new ones *first*?

Of Liberty's 1939 All-Players All-America, six members have been playing again this year. Whether they'll win the honor again will appear when Norman L. Sper, Liberty's presiding expert, has tabulated the returns from the player judges. Meanwhile, all six are now getting due acclaim from all the sports writers. But until Liberty a year ago listed two of them—Scott of Ohio State and Rankin of Purdue—on its All-Players All-America, both were overlooked by every football stargazer!

It's been that way all along. In 1931 the player judges named Moss of Purdue as the season's number one end. Every other bestower of football laurels ignored him until '32—and hailed him then. Since then, the like has happened to Goddard of Washington, Routt of Texas A. & M., Hale of Texas Christian, "Whizzer" White, Jay Berwanger, and many others. In each case this All-Players poll has been a whole year ahead of everybody else in the country.

So, if you want this year's real football honor roll—and want it wide awake and up to date—watch for Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team of 1940

IN AN EARLY ISSUE

Toni called the boys. Her command to wash merely amused them. They sat down and ate wolfishly for a few minutes. Then a boy accidentally upset his milk into his plate. That was funny. It set the mood for the meal.

Another boy upset his milk deliberately. The part of the milk that flowed under his red paper nut cup turned pink. This gave his neighbor an idea. He stripped the paper from his nut cup and sopped it in his milk, which turned nicely pink. All the boys followed. The result, they declared, tasted very good.

A BOY threw a piece of meat loaf. His target ducked and the meat struck the pale yellow wall and stuck there. General experimentation followed. Mashed potatoes fell away from the walls, scorched peas and carrots just sprayed around, but good old meat loaf would always stick, even to the ceiling.

Toni shrieked, "You squirts, you dumb dopes, dumb eggs, you pestilence!"

As one man, the boys turned their hunks of meat loaf upon her. She withdrew in disorder.

The birthday cake, fat and white, was admired, sampled, and then found to have sticking qualities almost equal to meat loaf. Ice cream was no good.

Cars came to take the boys home. At the door, each boy remembered what his mother had told him.

He thrust out a hot sticky hand and said in formal understatement, "I had a very nice time, Billman."

"Uh-huh," said Benjy listlessly. He felt sort of funny. After the last guest left he went abruptly upstairs. The downstairs was quiet and scary. Toni went to bed and shut her eyes, and Old Lady Foster's powdered face thrust into hers.

"Quick, mother — somebody. Quick!" Benjy cried urgently. He sat up in the upper deck of his two-bunk bed, his face greenish, both hands pressed over his mouth.

Toni snapped on his light. "Hurry down," she said fiercely, "and don't dare let go until the bathroom—"

He was so helplessly sick in the bathroom that Toni loved him again. She took him to bed with her and held him in her pipestem arms.

"Toni," he asked hoarsely, "what you suppose pound food is?"

"Garbage and rats."

"Oh, Dog!" Benjy sobbed.

"Don't, honey. I'm going to take care of you. I'm going to be your mother. Want me to?"

"M-m-m."

"I'll take care of you, and you do everything I tell you because I know more than you do," said Toni shrewdly. "O. K.? Benjy, O. K.?" But Benjy was dead asleep.

Gregg, arriving, closed the French doors behind him, and a piece of meat loaf fell down on his head.

"Judas!" he said. The dining room was just as the boys left it. One eye on the meat-studded ceiling, Gregg picked his way through. "Maggie!" he roared. He flung open the library door. Margaret, tired but radiant, looked up from sealing her letter.

"Hi, darling. I'll run mail this, and then—"

He marched her to the dining room. "Oh!" said Margaret faintly, rocked back upon her heels. Recovering slightly, she exclaimed, "Why, where's Louisiana?"

"The point is, where were you?"

"Writing my letter."

"All day?" Gregg roared again.

"It was really two letters—and don't take that tone with me! Louisiana!"

Louisiana's trunk was packed and Louisiana sat upon her bed.

"I'm going back to Birmingham, Mrs. Billman."

"You're going into the dining room—"

"No, ma'am; I'm going back to be near my folks—"

"First," said Margaret distinctly, "you will clear the table—"

"No, ma'am—"

"Second"—Margaret ticked it off upon her fingers—"you will get the stepladder and scrape the food off the walls and ceiling—"

Dimly it came to Louisiana that she was being bossed again. She had a smile like sunrise spreading over a lake. "Let's see; have I got it?" she asked. "First I clear the table—"

"Right. I have to run to the post office—then I'll help."

Gregg, removing a paper napkin glued to his shoe by cake, followed Margaret.

"Maggie, you're going to mail that letter after *this?*"

"I most certainly am." Margaret jammed on her hat. "What's more, I'm going to write every week. Nothing's wrong but a little muss, is there? We don't have a birthday party every week, do we? That's all—except Dog," she added uncertainly. Above her, Toni, eyes wide, tossed away from Benjy. He was terribly hot.

Gregg took hold of Margaret's shoulders. "Do you love me?" he asked simply.

"Just because I'm going to have a little private something, everybody thinks I don't love them. Gregg, I love you." She was in his arms.

Toni heard. "Mushy stuff," she thought cozily. She dared now to close her eyes. Old Lady Foster pounced upon her. A long shuddering scream tore from Toni's throat. She could not stop screaming.

MARGARET sat in the big chintz chair in the living room with Toni across her lap one way, and Benjy, flushed, wrapped in a blanket, across the other way. It was when she closed her arms around the children that Margaret found she still held the letter to Vance. It was twisted and damp, the ink streaking.

Margaret had twisted the letter being angry at Old Lady Foster. She had sat on Toni's bed, white-lipped.

"I'd like to—to—" She choked.

"Tell her a thing or two?" Gregg asked.

"Bloody her nose?" suggested Benjy.

"Sock her in the puss!" shrilled Toni, beaming under the cold damp cloth over her eye.

"Yes, sock her in the puss," said Margaret. "I'll hold you downstairs until you sleep, Toni dear."

"Benjy too," said Toni generously, "because he's catching pneumonia. I guess all the boys are. And indigestion—" Toni told about the party.

It was then that the letter got damp. Margaret phoned the seven mothers and warned them about colds and the dyed milk, and took the blame humbly. Three mothers tried to be courteous about it; four did not even try. It was then that Margaret wept.

Margaret looked from the letter to Gregg, who was picking up tissue paper and burning it in the fire-place.

"Burn this, too," Margaret said, and tossed him the letter.

"Be sure—" he said.

"Are you trying to make me cry again?" she asked.

Sleep had melted Benjy back to a baby. All that was left of one of the toughest men in the second grade was his cocky shoot of hair.

Toni slept violently, one elbow clamped on Margaret's neck.

As he looked at them, tenderness took Gregg by the throat.

"I'll hold one," he said. "You're buried in kids. They're too heavy."

Margaret shook her head, smiling. "Nuts! I like it this way."

THE END

'ROO by George W. Vos

What she offered Bonnet nobody except Bonnet knows—but she got what she wanted. She always did.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Du Barry 1940
the Woman who Ruined France

Facts behind a nation's tragedy—The strangest true story of modern times

In May, as France collapsed before Hitler's first thrusts, amazed and appalled Americans asked each other what in heaven's name could have been going on over there. This series now uncovers a large part of the answer.

Mr. Collins last week reconstructed the fateful scene in the Paris home of Premier Paul Reynaud when Gamelin phoned him that the Germans had broken through—and his mistress, Hélène, Comtesse de Portes, already openly defeatist and anti-British, began demanding that he abandon Paris and seek safety for his career and for her and her riches in flight. Mr. Collins does not believe she had been in Hitler's pay. He thinks her motives had been simply personal ambition and, very possibly, fear.

Much younger than Paul Reynaud, she was the daughter of a Marseilles contractor named Rebuffel. Her early rearing was strict, but at fourteen she eluded it in an escapade with a young man. After that, in Paris, her piquant beauty, her audacity, and the gaudy originality of her costumes made her a heartache to fashionable hostesses whose lovers she fascinated. Abruptly, at the insistence of the mannish Mme. Paul Reynaud, she went to live with Mme. Reynaud and her husband.

PART TWO—WHEN DESTINY STAYED DEATH'S HAND

THE friendship between Hélène Rebuffel, later to be known as Hélène de Portes, and Hélène Reynaud was especially noteworthy because of the contrast in their ages, appearances, and personalities.

Mme. Reynaud was a mature, experienced woman of the world. The daughter of France's celebrated criminal lawyer, Henri Robert, she had married Paul Reynaud before the World War, at a time when the little Rebuffel girl was still in the watchful care of duennas.

In her father's home, and later in her husband's, Hélène Robert Reynaud had met and mingled with the great men and famous women of the gay capital for more years than the younger woman had yet lived.

In appearance and manner the disparity was even more marked. Hélène Rebuffel at eighteen was soft and luscious, her slim petite body almost childish in its delicate roundness, her piquant exciting face, with its bold blue eyes and exquisitely formed mouth, voluptuously, provocatively feminine.

Hélène Reynaud—well, she was just the opposite. She had a kind of beauty too, but of a harsher, more masculine type.

Before this new friendship had begun, the beautiful young provincial had already met the older woman's husband. Like dozens of other Parisians, he had been attracted by her beauty, her *chic*, and, above all, the amusing side of her personality—her gift for saying and doing the most surprising things, her amazingly indefatigable gaiety. She, for her part, had liked the shrewd, witty, self-assertive little man. But nothing had come of the meeting. Paul was too busy at the moment with his political career; she, apparently, with her social one.

Of the Reynaud family life Hélène Rebuffel had heard little except that it was generally described as "disunited." All she knew about Mme. Reynaud—who did not frequent the same salons as her husband, at least not on the same days—was that she was a woman determined to lead her own life, and was reported to be very rich, very hard, and very unconventional.

Mme. Reynaud was also much more of a citizen of the great world outside of France than was the young girl from the provinces. With the wife of another highly placed government official, Hélène Reynaud had traveled extensively in most parts of the world, and had been entertained everywhere, because of her husband's position, by embassy and consulate officials and foreign dignitaries.

Whether Hélène de Portes welcomed the older woman's friendship as a means of "getting at" her husband will never—now that the younger woman herself is dead—be authoritatively known; but the relationship thus established served mightily to that end.

Small, dapper, bumptious Paul Reynaud was the type of bantam fighting cock whose prowess was far greater than his size. Some men enter a room chest first. Reynaud was like that. "The Mickey Mouse of the French Parliament" was what he was sometimes called. Whether this tribute was to his screwed-up, puckish little face with its puffed-out cheeks and its turned-up nose, or to his bright-button eyes with their uplifted eyebrows and heavy lids, or to his political agility, we cannot say. But one thing we do know: he was, up to the year 1940, as uniformly successful as Walt Disney himself.

A master opportunist, he maintained his position by playing both ends against the middle. Whichever party was in power, the strategic thing to do was to include little Paul in the government. And in fairness

it should be said that no man tried harder than he, first to avoid war, and then to prepare for it.

"Reynaud has a kind of double foreign policy," John Gunther once said. "He is an ardent nationalist, and at the same time wants Franco-German *rapprochement*."

When the latter objective seemed impossible of attainment—and there is abundant evidence that he saw that this was so long before Daladier or Bonnet or any of his other colleagues—he risked his popularity with the people by decreeing, in his capacity of Finance Minister, a program of taxation for defense the like of which had not been known in France since the days of Marie Antoinette. No people already impoverished by war and depression could possibly pay any such revenue—and by failing to recognize this obvious truth he disclosed his chief weakness as a statesman.

BE that as it may, Reynaud might have fought through to ultimate triumph—Hélène de Portes or no Hélène de Portes—if it hadn't been for two factors: Edouard Daladier and the war.

Space is lacking to set forth here the details of the struggle between these two men who, more than any others, controlled the destiny of the republic in its darkest hours. It is sufficient to know that it was acute. In fact, the situation, if it had not been so serious, would have been ridiculous. Daladier could not remain in power without including Reynaud in his cabinet, nor Reynaud without Daladier. Yet they were not on speaking terms.

"And neither," some one has remarked, "were their lady friends!"

Which brings us—by implication at least—back to those wicked gay days in the Torrid Twenties, and to that amazing household *à trois* which flourished so actively for years, and which might be going yet if Paul Reynaud had not suddenly decided that he wanted the younger Hélène exclusively for himself, and if Hélène, taking note of the passing of time, had not decided that she should, then if ever, attain the status of a married woman.

That the League of Nations was largely responsible for the formation of this household is one more proof that the best intentioned attempts at achieving a concert of nations are fraught with unexpected dangers!

During the first postwar decade the sessions of the League in Geneva were the chief social events of the early fall season, even more fashionable than the summer races at Deauville or the winter sports at St. Moritz. As each September arrived, there ensued an exodus from Paris of high French officials and their wives and sweethearts—usually both!

The Reynauds, though reputedly "disunited," were still living under the same roof and, on big occasions, made appearances together. Always Mme. Reynaud went to Geneva, and with her, at the first session after their meeting, went her now inseparable companion, the blue-eyed charmer from Marseilles.

Hélène's entrance into international society was triumphal. Perhaps the rumors which preceded her may have had something to do with the attention she attracted. The auspices under which she made her debut were certainly on the bizarre side. But on the shores of Lac Léman, as on the banks of the Seine, she swept all before her.

That Paul Reynaud, seeing his little friend of the Paris salons in this new setting, should again be impressed with her vivid beauty and gay, amusing nature, was inevitable. Himself an undersized, dried-up little man, compensating for his lack of stature with a monumental pomposity, he was just the type to fall before the wild abandon of this always laughing, wholly uninhibited young snippens, who didn't give a darn for dignity, her own or anybody else's.

It may not have been Paul's idea, upon their return to Paris, that this insouciant young companion of his Swiss holidays should take up her residence in the Reynaud home. Mme. Reynaud may have planned such a step from the beginning of her friendship with the ravishing young beauty. But of one thing we can be reasonably sure: the gentleman required very little urging to give his consent to Hélène's entrance into his family circle.

GOSSIPS weren't slow to take account," said a friend of the Reynauds who is also an acquaintance of mine, "that the very disunited pair when they were two became suddenly very united when they were three."

But gossip did not stop with any such general observation of the Reynaud ménage. Paris, never loath to particularize in such matters—or to be amused by them—was soon laughing over reports that Paul and his wife's young friend—sometimes with Mme. Reynaud, sometimes without—were passing their evenings in what the French call so politely "houses where women don't wear many clothes."

Such diversions were common enough in a certain stratum of Paris society before the war; but under the highly "moral" Hitler regime such things are no longer for the French. The House of All Nations in Paris is still open for business, but there is a sign on the door which reads: "For Germans Only."

Now that Hélène is mysteriously dead, and Paul's future is in the hands of his long-time political foes now dominant in the synthetic Vichy regime, the exact sequence of events in the Reynaud household which caused Hélène to announce to her friends her intention to enter the marital state is not at the moment ascertainable. The principal reason for the step, however, is obvious.

In France, the single woman is still an anomaly and is treated as such. Frenchwomen marry early, and the stigma of being an old maid, happily no longer a horror to the American young girl, fastens on the French girl almost upon her entry into her early twenties. By our standards, Hélène Rebuffel was not old; by hers she was well over the hill of single blessedness. So no one was surprised, unless it was the Reynauds, when she announced that it was time for some one to present to her a suitable young man.

She began again to frequent the elegant salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, and one day, in the house of Mme. Bonnardel, she met a rather handsome young man, the Comte de Portes. He was a big blond lusty chap, a bit inclined to be fat, a bit nearsighted, but rather attractive in his large, placid, agreeable way. In most of these attributes he was the antithesis of Paul Reynaud, who was not only dark, choleric, and gruff but decidedly wizened.

As for Hélène, she suited the count down to the ground. She was not only solvent, which was essential, but pretty. He is reported to have fallen madly in love with her.

She liked the great, fondling, demonstrative fellow. His tenderness must have come as a relief from Paul's gruffness. Besides, there was his title, and—as she is said to have remarked at the time—his ancestors went back to the Crusades. So she married him, and her father good-naturedly took him into his business.

The happy couple established themselves in a beautifully furnished apartment on the Rue Hennequin; but the gold leaf on the Louis Quinze chairs had hardly begun to chip before Paul Reynaud appeared as friend of the ménage.

"About this time," according to a member of the Reynaud-de Portes circle, "Hélène developed a curious eccentricity. She always wore sandals, even when they were not the fashion. But such sandals! With them she immeasurably raised her stature when she was with her husband, who was tall. But when she was with Reynaud, who was very short, she wore sandals which made her at least three centimeters shorter. The Paris salons, according to the height of her sandals, judged her adulterous or marital life!"

PERHAPS the salons were wrong. Perhaps Hélène, having decided, as she is quoted as saying, "to make an end of it all," lived a most circumspect life in the apartment in the Rue Hennequin. But friends noted that the low heels seemed increasingly to have it, and that Hélène seemed increasingly bored with conjugal domesticity. And presently she took quarters of her own on the upper floor of the home of Mme. Bour on that ultrafashionable thoroughfare, beyond the Arch, which used to be called the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and is now called the Avenue Foch.

In France, marriages like that of the Comte and Comtesse de Portes were the rule rather than the exception among the social group to which they belonged. Perhaps — who knows?—the Comte de Portes so arranged his life. If he did, it would be difficult in the circumstances to find a moralist so strict as to condemn him. Perhaps, on the other hand, having acquired a rich though absent wife, he was quite willing, as many young French dandies are, to sit on a wicker chair beside an iron table and let the Paris world roll by.

Be that as it may, at this point M. le Comte de Portes makes his exit from this story as suddenly and quietly as he made his entrance. In the hurly-burly of the years that followed he seems to have become utterly lost to the glittering circle which surrounded his wife.

Mme. Bour, into whose residence the Comtesse de Portes now moved, was a well known figure in French society. Her husband was the celebrated Dr. Bour, head of the clinic in Malmaison to which politicians of the highest rank, including former President Deschanel, were wont to retire for discreet refuge when they were "neurasthenic." Her salon was the gathering place of scholars, artists, politicians, and financiers. At least, it was until the Comtesse de Portes moved into the building. Then the political and financial part of Mme. Bour's salon "went upstairs."

Reynaud was at this time, 1935, the leader of the opposition in its fight on Pierre Laval's pro-Fascist foreign policy. He was very much in the public eye. Hélène's influence with him was very much sought. She was, in fact, on the way to just the kind of political eminence she later achieved, when disease laid her low and threatened not only her beauty but her life. The nature of the disease was not publicly disclosed.

If there had been any doubt up to this time about the place Hélène held in the affections of Paul Reynaud, it was resolved by the devotion which he showered upon her in the misfortune that had now overtaken her. No doctor, no specialist, was so famous but that he must drop everything and hasten to Paris to treat Hélène de Portes. But to no avail! French doctors failed. Swiss doctors failed. German doctors failed. Finally a Viennese specialist gave the patient some hope of recovery if she would journey to Vienna and undergo a six-months treatment under his personal supervision.

Hélène did not wish to go, to leave Paul. Her feeling for this little man was as strong as his for her. Selfishly or unselfishly, she lived only for what she believed to be his best interests. But Paul insisted. To him, her health was more important than his own career.

Illness and separation from Paul were not the only crosses Hélène had to bear at this time. Mme. Reynaud, as we have seen, had been responsible for initiating the close relationship between this girl and the Reynaud family. Subsequently she seemed to have taken no offense at the growing intimacy between her former friend and her husband. They were even said to have continued to frequent together those places of amusement which they had previously enjoyed as "one great big happy family." It was only when Paul sought to legitimatize his relations with Hélène de Portes that Hélène Reynaud showed her true feelings against the younger woman.

Even in the United States we all know instances of wives like Mme. Reynaud who blind themselves to, or even openly tolerate, unfaithfulness in husbands, only to fly into fits of apparently shocked and supposedly righteous anger when the husband seeks by divorce and remarriage to restore some measure of regularity to his life.

In France tolerance of the mistress by the wife is taken for granted. The unforgivable thing—and, until recently, the almost unexampled thing—is for the French husband to wish to make his mistress his wife.

Mme. Reynaud's method of showing her abhorrence was peculiarly embarrassing. As described by a woman friend, "she began to hate Hélène to such a point that she tele-

She looks like a Million
. . . BUT SHE HASN'T MUCH SENSE!
SORRY YOU HAD TO BLACKJACK YOUR FRIENDS INTO DANCING WITH ME AGAIN TONIGHT, BOB
SIS, YOU'D WOW THE STAGLINE, NO FOOLING, IF ONLY--WELL, DO ME A FAVOR? SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT--ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION TO THE STAGLINE TONIGHT, SIS!
ISN'T IT MARVELOUS, BOB? AND ALL BECAUSE I'VE A BROTHER WHO MADE ME HAVE SOME SENSE!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE A DAY, WILL HELP YOU KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
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OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NOW— NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

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phoned her several times a day, using the most atrocious epithets, always alluding to the life Hélène formerly led with her and her husband. She repeated her little 'joke' several times a day. It often happened that it was the good honest old parents of Hélène who answered the telephone, to their total stupefaction."

During Hélène's absence in Vienna Reynaud endured long nights on railroad trains to spend a few hours each week-end with her. And finally, in 1936, she returned to Paris cured.

Physically she showed more than one sign of her long illness. Her slimness had become thinness, her vivacity nervousness; there was about her an air of strain. But her mentality seemed sharpened by suffering. Her ambition for Paul had become an obsession. Immediately she began to separate him from his old friends of liberal views and to tie him firmly to the influential forces of the extreme Right. More and more she shunned the company of other Egerias, especially of the jolly Marquise de Crussol. And more and more, upon her urgency, she and Paul frequented the great houses of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Her schemings were crowned with success in October, 1938, when Paul, with the blessings of the Bourse, became Minister of Finance, usually regarded as the second most important post in the French government. But she had only just begun to fight. The day he moved into his new offices in the Palais de Louvre, she called her friends together and addressed them after this fashion:

"Paul is going to be Minister of Finance. You must permit him to become a great man. And for that it is necessary to support him in the press, at luncheons, at dinners. It doesn't matter what he does as Minister of Finance. If you want him in the Foreign Affairs one day you must support him now."

She went about the salons reiterating that the country would be lost if Daladier remained in power, that only a Reynaud ministry could save France. "Paul will be President of the Council inside of three weeks," she prophesied.

She had her way. Almost before Paul Reynaud could become settled at the Louvre, he moved to the Quai d'Orsay as Foreign Minister.

Naturally, during all these years Hélène's claim on Paul's favor had not escaped competition from other women of the world, who viewed her increasing importance with envious eyes. While he was still Minister of Finance, she had experienced considerable discomfort from publicity given to an alleged announcement by his next-door neighbor in the Place du Palais Bourbon, Comtesse de Montgomery, that the countess and her distinguished neighbor were about to be married. Paris, playing upon words, suggested that it seemed to be a question of quarrels from door to door—*porte à Portes.*

Needless to say, Hélène survived this little flurry; but when Paul became head of the government, she immediately took steps to hasten his divorce, to the end that he should marry *her.* The French law provided that a separation automatically became a divorce after three years. She thought it would be a good idea to change the "three" in the law to "two." The Reynauds had already been formally separated for nearly two years.

But how to do it? Well, she went to Georges Bonnet, Minister of Justice, with the proposal that he use his war-emergency powers to alter the law by decree. What she offered Bonnet in exchange nobody except Bonnet knows—but she got what she wanted. She always did. A few more weeks, and she would be Mme. Paul Reynaud.

Little did she know the strange events about to befall her!

These events were the swift stages of that nightmarish catastrophe, the collapse of France last May and June. Exactly how much did this grotesque little Du Barry, 1940, have to do with the bungling, the defeatism, the treachery that undermined her lover and his country and hers? The answer, hitherto hidden, is breath-taking—and in Liberty next week Mr. Collins will uncover it for you, chapter and verse, step by step!

QUESTIONS

Score yourself on this quiz as follows:

1- 5 correct ..... N. g.
6-10 correct ..... Par
11-15 correct ..... High I. Q.
16-20 correct ..... F. P. A.

1—Thousands mourned recently for "Mr. Will." Who was this famous American?

2—What article of furniture, *developed in* America, is known as an "American institution" by furniture experts?

3—Why do we call them "red-letter" days?

4—What letter is most used in the English language?

5—Did the United States alone build the Panama Canal?

6—Are diamonds the most valuable gems?

7—What author's nom-de-plume provided a city's nickname?

8—What does the ℞ on prescriptions stand for?

9—What was a "steeplechase"?

10—"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs" is followed by what other quotation? From what book?

11—What well known youth is the author of the song, The Rest of My Life?

12—Is sea level the same everywhere?

13—What familiar symbol has no counterpart in the Roman numeral system?

14—What are "F holes" in music?

15—Are "essential oils" used for war machines?

16—Were the Philippines purchased by or ceded to the United States?

17—Each year some 50,000 persons visit Faraway Farms in Kentucky. Why?

18—What ancient Germanic *tribe's* ferocity is reflected in a modern word used to describe a crime?

19—According to the latest census, the State of Vermont has a population of 357,598. In 1850 was the population 50,221, 96,036, 343,641, or 156,785?

20—In 1924 the Democratic Convention nominated for Vice-President a man whose brother had thrice been a candidate for President. Who were the two candidates?

(Answers will be found on page 60)

HITLER'S RIVAL ARMIES

Hitler and Göring served as witnesses at the wedding.

An eye-opening revelation of intrigue and dissension behind the scenes in Nazidom

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

HITLER is fighting the world with two totally different armies—whose death feud with each other may, more than any clash between nations, determine the outcome of the Second World War.

One army is the streamlined, mechanized Wehrmacht which cut Poland to bits in twenty-two days, surged over Denmark and nine Norwegian ports in forty-eight hours, and crushed Holland, Belgium, and France between May 10 and June 17. The other army, no less death-dealing, no less precision-trained, is the immense S.S.—the troops of Himmler's secret police. They were in Warsaw, Oslo, Paris, etc., long before Wehrmacht soldiers marched in; today it is they, not the regulars, who rule the conquered countries.

The Wehrmacht has been justly considered the world's greatest modern army. Himmler's S.S.-Gestapo is history's most successful secret police. But the efficiency of each sets it automatically at the other's throat. Since 1938 they have fought each other tooth and nail. Britain's smashing dispersal of the Nazi armada on September 16, after S.S.-Gestapo fanatics had driven the Wehrmacht to attempt the superhuman, is only the latest of a series of crises between them.

Their conflict was already so sharp in 1938 that the career of one demimondaine, running athwart it, was enough to plunge Europe down the road to war. One plump young hussy changed the history of Europe—by her seduction of the commander in chief of the Wehrmacht, Field Marshal von Blomberg.

Her name was Eva Gruhn, and her conquest came when the Wehrmacht

BY ALBERT GRZESINSKI
FORMER POLICE CHIEF OF BERLIN
and CHARLES E. HEWITT, JR.

was forcing every issue against the S.S. The generals were pressing Hitler to cease persecution of the churches; Himmler, a year before, had ordered every S.S. man to resign from church membership. The generals were arguing to the Führer that only by reducing Gestapo terrorism could the nation be unified behind him for war. Himmler, seriously challenged, and knowing that

war would vastly magnify S.S. powers, was pressing Hitler to hasten the grab of Austria and the Sudetenland.

Into this scene there flashed the daughter of a day laborer in Neukölln, a suburb that is the Bowery of Berlin. Eva Gruhn's mother was a "masseuse." Pretty blonde Eva had such success with the customers that she early began a career of her own. At a swank summer resort she attracted the attention of von Blomberg. She so fascinated the sixty-year-old widower that they were soon betrothed—to the buzzing astonishment of all official Berlin.

The army heads, at the first official news that their commander in chief had eloped with such a girl, united in demanding his resignation—according to the strict caste code. They did so with all the more relish because von Blomberg had for years been a great favorite with Hitler and, in their estimation, too pliable.

Hitler rejected the demand of the General Staff, declared the marriage was in the "best democratic tradition of the new Nazi army." He and Göring served as honorary witnesses at the wedding on January 13, 1938.

AT this moment the champions of his two armies emerged and began their duel to the death—S.S.-Gestapo Chief Himmler and Army Chief of Staff von Fritsch.

Himmler made the first move. After the wedding he released his secret-police dossier on Eva Gruhn's past. Berlin rocked beneath the scandal. Of a young woman so healthy and attractive, the bizarre stories were almost incredible.

Von Fritsch stepped forward stiffly in behalf of the Wehrmacht—just as Himmler intended he should. He had previously been diplomatic in urging Blomberg's removal; he now demanded it bluntly, knowing it could not be refused. He went further, and demanded that Hitler postpone the great gamble of an Austrian invasion till the army was better prepared. He had the unanimous backing of the General Staff.

This was Himmler's cue. He released dossiers proving—or purporting to—that von Fritsch was a homosexual. Hitler leaped at the opportunity to have his own way and to save his face. He at once pensioned Blomberg and dishonorably discharged von Fritsch. With them he retired all of Fritsch's ablest adherents, thirteen generals and scores of lesser officers. Into the discard went not only the Chief of Staff but the chief of Germany's Arms Office, Liese; the premier ballistics expert of Europe, Becker; and the creator of the world-beating new tanks division, Lutz. The "purge" took place on February 4, only three weeks after the Gruhn-Blomberg wedding.

Inside another month Hitler gave the order to invade Austria. The Wehrmacht never had to fire a shot. But within a week the S.S.-Gestapo had killed thousands of Jews and anti-Nazis and thrown all of Austria's most distinguished statesmen into concentration camps.

So brilliant were the results of Himmler's coup that many credit him with having conceived and directed *l'affaire Blomberg* from the very start—with having selected Eva Gruhn himself and guided her in trapping her man. Best evidence today appears to be that Eva, on her own account, sought and caught the eye of von Blomberg, and was given every aid and encouragement by the Gestapo thereafter. At any rate, when Eva captured von Blomberg, the S.S.-Gestapo captured the Reich.

The army set up its own Court of Honor to try the immorality charges against von Fritsch. They found them false from beginning to end. The army raged against Himmler, demanded that Hitler reinstate its disgraced Chief of Staff. On June 15 Hitler did restore von Fritsch to full rank and title—but merely assigned him to command a provincial artillery regiment in Hanover.

All through the Munich crisis General Beck, Fritsch's successor, fought the Gestapo-S.S. demands for a quick grab of Czechoslovakia. On October 31 Hitler officially announced a second "generals' purge." With Beck went out the ranking Army Group Commander Kuehne, Berlin's Commandant von Rundstedt, and others.

THEN in March, 1939, Hitler tore up the Munich Accord without a protest from the twice-purged General Staff, and his rival armies marched into Prague side by side.

Poland was next. With the new Nazi-Soviet pact an utterly unknown quantity, the Wehrmacht could refuse to do without the great capacities of von Fritsch. He was accordingly put in command of the divisions in East Prussia. If the unpredictable Russians should finally attack instead of aiding her, Germany expected to stand or fall upon her showing in this province. But it turned out that Russia co-operated and the Polish campaign was a walkover, and so von Fritsch was not indispensable. On September 22 (the day before the Polish campaign was declared by Hitler "officially ended") von Fritsch was shot in the back, while peering through a periscope at the Polish lines near Warsaw, by a member of Himmler's General Staff.

The Third Reich newspapers called it "killed in action at the head of his troops." But Hitler did not even attend the state funeral, nor did he once refer to von Fritsch in the Reichstag speech in which he cited all major achievements and losses in Poland. And so quickly were the details of von Fritsch's death known to the army that the wreath placed on his casket in Hitler's name was removed during the same night in Berlin's Invaliden cemetery, despite the honorary army guard.

Extirpation of von Fritsch brought a rocket rise in power of the S.S. Himmler emerged from the Polish war with a fully equipped army of his own—with airplanes, heavy artillery, and complete mechanized equipment. By its own official statement the Gestapo chief's forces since then have numbered 450,000 men. One hundred thousand of them, in mechanized front-line divisions, are "*Jaeger* [hunter] battalions" and wear olive drab and steel helmets.

This is a far cry from pre-Nazi times. For the ten years preceding Hitler, one of my own principal duties was the construction of an adequate secret police for the republic. Our entire force wore plain clothes and generally went unarmed; we never numbered more than 500.

Riding high, Himmler now conceived his most melodramatic coup: the Bürgerbrau "attempt on Hitler's life." The idea was to throw the blame on the British secret service and rush the cautious Wehrmacht into an attack on England. The crudity of its stage effects made it fall flat, and Himmler's prestige fell with it. The amused Wehrmacht led the nation in laughing it down as "the second Reichstag fire." The generals began to demand that Himmler lose his airplane and tank divisions at least, and withdraw to purely police jobs.

Retaliation was not long in coming. Over grim protests of Admiral Raeder, chief of Reich sea forces, the S.S. radicals persuaded Hitler to launch his lightning thrust at Scandinavia. It worked, and it left the world thunderstruck—and the German Wehrmacht little less so. The Wehrmacht principle of making no move without minutest preparations was paralyzed. The smashing attack on the western front began.

GESTAPO aid was phenomenal. Far behind the lines the French army's telephone lines were cut, storehouses burned, sentries sniped. Quarters of the Belgian, Dutch, and French high commands, though constantly changing, were bombed daily.

In 1937, when I was still serving in Paris as head of the Commission Caring for All German Refugees in France, the French *Sûreté* unearthed 400 Gestapo short-wave radio stations. On the day the western war started, hundreds of undiscovered ones swung into action. They jammed Allied military orders with static, issued false "official" orders sending panicked refugees out to block strategic roads, gave minutest instructions to bombers flying above.

But it was no wild dagger thrust from the rear which pierced France to the heart. It was the mile-a-minute break-through at Amiens—produced by the infinite pains and long-tested plans of the General Staff.

Nevertheless, France's fall carried the S.S. to a peak of power—and of Prussian pride. The cry was "On to England! Charge! Take a chance!" The Wehrmacht, stubbornly reporting invasion to be impossible, was forced to assemble the barges and

men. On September 16 a combination of R. A. F. raids, British coast batteries, British naval guns, and a Channel storm scattered the Nazi armada to bits—just as its generals and admirals had predicted. S.S. and Wehrmacht each bitterly blamed the other for the fiasco.

Their fight today goes on in many fields. One gigantic S.S.-Gestapo job is roundly condemned by the professional army. This is the drafting of "slave labor" from conquered territories to serve in German factories and fields. Seven hundred and fifty thousand Polish and Slovakian peasants and 150,000 Czech and other skilled metalworkers have already been impressed into the Reich. Ten thousands of Danes, Norse, Dutch, Belgians—and now Frenchmen—are being "given haven" there. The Wehrmacht argues that this kidnaping of labor imports the worst possible dynamite of unrest and places it at the very heart of the Reich's supply system.

ANOTHER split is over the S.S. drive to induce soldiers to beget as many babies as possible, illegitimate or legitimate. Himmler's reasoning is that this war must depopulate Europe, and the nation with the most people surviving will win in the end. As moral precedent for their "illegitimate-child campaign" his supporters cite church action following the Thirty Years War (1618-48), when laws were approved requiring all priests to marry and permitting every man to take two wives. But neither German church backs the pagan S.S.-Gestapo in this move today, and the Wehrmacht refuses to reissue Himmler's baby-begetting orders to its troops.

Of quicker effect on Europe's population will be the outcome of the S.S. vs. Wehrmacht deadlock over use of bacteria bombs. While serving as Under-Secretary of War in 1919, I learned that the use of disease bombs—already perfected in 1918—had been earnestly discussed by the General Staff in the last war's closing months. It was roundly rejected by the army then, as now. Today's most ingenious disease bomb is constructed as follows: Innumerable flies, infected with cholera, dysentery, typhus, and tularemia, are frozen to passivity and kept chilled in sealed containers. After the glass bomb is dropped and shatters, the insects gradually warm to life again—spreading their deadly epidemic. For the S.S.-Gestapo this is the foremost of Hitler's threatened "secret weapons"; they will surely press for its use as soon as the Reich is in desperate peril.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The foregoing confirms the startling intimation in Dora Macy's serial, I Spy!—published in Liberty a year ago—that "a middle-European nation" was prepared to use bacteria bombs.]

Of equal abhorrence to the Wehrmacht is the fact that, since August, 1939, Himmler has trebled the population of the Reich's concentration camps.

The S.S.-Gestapo is drawn exclusively from among fanatical Nazis—a limited part of the population. The Wehrmacht, under conscription, includes men from every creed, class, and section. Consequently there is hardly a Wehrmacht company which does not have several members whose relatives are in concentration camps or have been executed. Their resentment grows every day.

If the S.S.-Gestapo wins control of Germany's war machine, little can hinder the war from spreading to the ends of the earth. For these hated fanatics know well that a lost war would mean their own extinction in Germany; they will go to any length to prevent it. With them at the helm, "scientific frightfulness" would hang in the skies over Europe, and adventurous and spectacular menaces would beset the Western Hemisphere. And whether the Wehrmacht can keep its place at the controls of Germany's juggernaut is an open question.

THE END

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Liberty's Patriotic
UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION
Quiz Contest

LIBERTY'S $2,500 cash prize quiz on the Constitution of the United States goes into its twelfth week with the questions on this page. If you have carried along an entry up to this time, by all means finish out these last two weeks and file your claim to a share in the prize fund. Your chance to win remains excellent if you finish out the race.

Constant study of the Constitution during the preceding weeks of the contest has undoubtedly familiarized you with the historic document to the point where you know approximately where to locate the answers to various questions without loss of time. If this is so, one of Liberty's main objectives in arranging this contest has been achieved, for this publication believes that never since the adoption of the Constitution has there been a time when it so behooved all citizens to understand the basis of their rights and privileges in these United States.

As the contest goes into its final stages, please make sure that you have noted the clarifications published earlier in the game. In case they have escaped your attention, they are repeated now.

In connection with Question 5, Quiz No. 1, the next to last word should be plural, "punishments" instead of "punishment."

In connection with Question 1, Quiz No. 3, the illustration may not have made it clear enough to some that the men were federal officers. As directed in the October 26 issue, all entrants are to consider that the episode involved in Question 1, Quiz No. 3, pictures officers of the United States government and not local police.

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 12

1. Under the Constitution what powers are "reserved to the States respectively, or to the people"?

2. Where lies the power of impeachment?

3. What is the minimum age for a President?

4. Where lies the power to levy and collect taxes?

5. What is the minimum age for a senator?

NO FURTHER LATE ENTRIES!

As announced last week, orders for late-entry reprints, Quizzes 1 through 10, will not be accepted after Monday, November 25. This is to clear the decks for actual entries, which will soon be flooding in. Lest orders for reprints get delayed in the flood they will not be accepted after the 25th. Sorry, but we'll have to refuse all later orders.

Copies of the Constitution are still available for those who would like to order a copy for future reference. Because, as explained above, the flood of entries next week may cause some delay in fulfillment of requests for Constitutions, please do not expect delivery by return mail. All orders for Constitutions will be filled in due course. Enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing and send to the address in Rule 8.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$ 500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each $10	500
220 PRIZES, each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR LIBERTY BY MARJORIE COLLINS

Dorothy Maynor, of whom Koussevitzky said, "The whole world must hear her."

American Songbird

The Success-Story of Dorothy Maynor

BY SYLVIA G. DREYFUS

How fame came overnight to a girl with a golden voice and all the riches of her race

I FIRST saw her name in the lower left-hand corner of an invitation card in the spring of 1938 when Mrs. Gorham Brooks of Boston gave a small Sunday evening party "To hear Dorothy Maynor." Somebody had told me she was a Negro singer.

Her appearance that night was unprepossessing. She was short, dark, heavy, and badly dressed. But as soon as she began to sing we were attracted by her expressive eyes and beautiful mouth, a small, well shaped mouth with a winning smile. The voice that poured forth from those lips swept me off my feet. Though her singing had not then reached its present beauty, I could not fail to recognize its potential greatness. But I did not believe that she could overcome the disadvantage of color and appearance and achieve an important place on the concert stage. Was there room for two Negro women singers? Could even this wonderful voice compete with Marian Anderson's talent, beauty, and popularity?

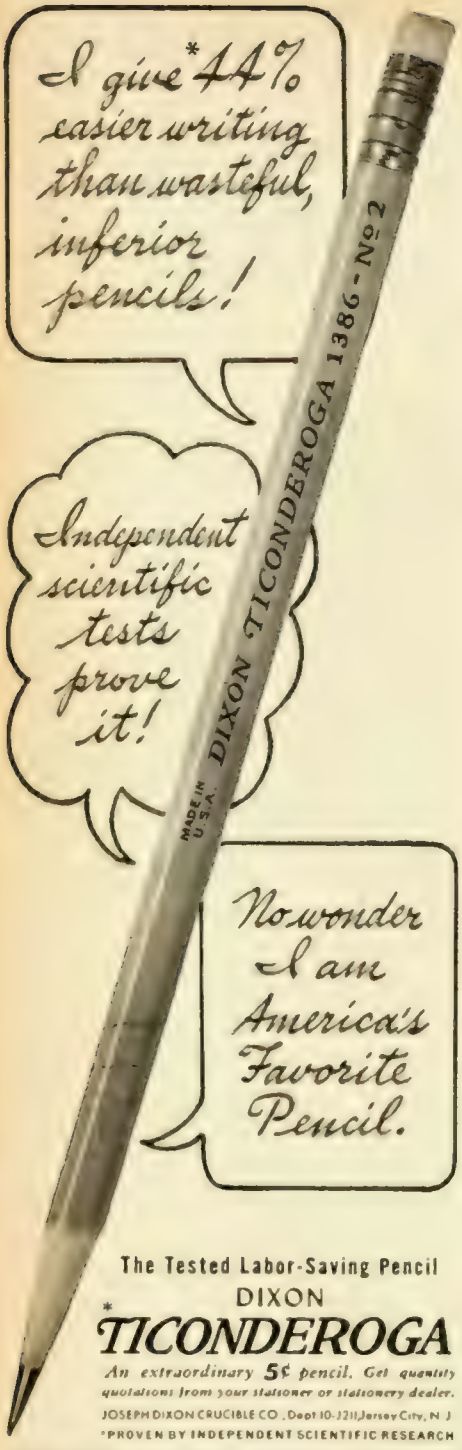
Early this year Dorothy Maynor received the award for the most meritorious debut of the Town Hall's musical season. In the crowded dining room of the Hotel Astor I had the luck to sit close to the front. When the time came for Maynor to sing, she jumped up from her seat at the head table, dashed to the platform, threw her hat onto a chair, and, without pause for the usual feminine pat of the hair or glance in a pocket mirror, took her place near the piano. With a toss of the head and a dazzling flash of the large eyes, she clasped her small plump hands and smiled. There was no longer any doubt about her stage presence; she held the audience in those clasped hands. The rest was simple. She had only to sing.

Between these two appearances much music and much publicity had flowed under the bridge. Dorothy had become known to millions of concertgoers, radio fans, and readers. That chapter of the story I knew; I was curious about earlier pages.

Dorothy Maynor was born in Norfolk, Virginia, twenty-nine years ago. Her father, a Methodist minister, brought up his family in an atmosphere of affection, piety, and a strong belief in education. The Maynors were all fond of music and in the evenings sang spirituals with their neighbors. They loved the out-of-doors, too, and as a young girl Dorothy went fishing and hunting with her father and learned how to handle a gun and a rod. She understands horses, swims well, and plays a good game of tennis; a natural athlete, she moves lightly, with speed and precision.

Dorothy studied for eleven years at Hampton Institute, which at that time offered high-school as well as college courses. In the meantime she was singing in the Hampton Choir, whose director, Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, recognized her musical aptitude and persuaded her to transfer to the School of Music, not in order to develop her own voice but to train her to teach music in the public schools. Dr. John Finley Williamson, head of the Westminster Choir at Princeton, heard her sing in 1933 and was so impressed he strongly advised her to equip herself for choir direction and obtained a scholarship for her at his school. She studied there three years.

The dean of women at Hampton, during five of the years Dorothy had spent there, was a white woman, Miss Harriot Curtis, member of a well known Boston family. In the summer of 1935 the Hampton Singers made their annual tour of New England, appearing at resort hotels and private houses, with Dorothy as soloist. Miss Curtis traveled with them and at each performance gave a talk on the work and needs of Hampton Institute. More and more amazed at the development of Dorothy's voice, she asked her one day if she would like to give up her choir preparation and gamble on the possibility of becoming a concert singer. "Yes," said Dorothy without hesitation, "I would." Whereupon Miss Curtis consulted her friend Miss Mary Hayden, a successful New York business woman with musical taste, training, and influence, and these twin guardian angels placed Dorothy under the direction of Wilfried Klamroth, with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whom she worked for two years. She then became the pupil of John Alan Haughton, her present teacher.

Most Negro singers have studied and made their debuts abroad and then, armed with a European reputation, have stormed the musical citadel of the United States. Although Dorothy had been to Europe one summer with the Hampton Choir, world conditions prevented her from attempting the usual route to fame. She had now arrived at the difficult point of the soloist's career: she was ready to start out and she had, literally, no place to go. She was given auditions by radio officials without success and entered competitions without winning them. She sang at private homes and at women's clubs. Her friends urged managers in various cities to give her engagements. Even at the modest fee of $150, there were few takers. (Today they beg for her at ten times that amount.) The public was not aware of Dorothy's existence, and it looked as if the New York recital planned for the fall of 1939 would be the usual debut, built up on wangled press notices amid a snowstorm of complimentary tickets.

THEN she struck a gold mine of free publicity which could never have been planned or bought and which blazed her name across the continent. For a year her friends had tried to arrange an audition with Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Last summer, while Koussevitzky was at Lenox for the Berkshire Festival, Mrs. Gorham Brooks wrote to ask if he could possibly find time to hear Dorothy. Mrs. Brooks is a personal friend of the Koussevitzkys; she is, moreover, the woman who presented her beautiful Lenox estate to the Boston Symphony as a permanent home for the Berkshire Festival. And she was tremendously enthusiastic about Dorothy's voice.

The audition took place on a hot Tuesday morning. Koussevitzky was tired. After a two-hours rehearsal he had had to listen to double-bass tryouts. The musicians had wandered off to rest and smoke. The huge Shed was empty. Dorothy stepped to the front of the stage and began "O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?" from Handel's Semele. Mrs. Brooks, who was sitting directly behind Koussevitzky, saw him stiffen to attention. Then, as the song went on, she could see the back of his neck growing redder and redder with excitement. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" he exclaimed, and asked for more. Then he declared, "The whole world must hear her!"—and made a start by asking her to sing at the picnic he was giving next day for the men of the orchestra.

The picnic was the second stroke of luck. The only professional critic present that afternoon was Noel Strauss of the New York Times, who on Thursday morning startled the music world out of its summer somnolence with a full column on Koussevitzky's "discovery," the sensational Negro soprano, Dorothy Maynor. The Associated Press seized the story and spread it across the country. Before noon that day the big New York managers were telephoning frantic messages to Lenox, offering contracts to Dorothy.

Three months later Dorothy Maynor made her debut at Town Hall before a house that had been sold out for weeks. "Everybody" was there. Never, since the debuts of Galli-Curci and of Heifetz had there been such excitement. At the end of the recital crowds of people, white and black alike, rushed to the stage to kiss her. Since then she has sung with four major symphony orchestras, the Philharmonic, the Philadelphia, the Chicago, and the Boston. The whole of next season is heavily booked. And in August of this year, just a year after her audition in the empty Shed at Tanglewood, Dorothy Maynor appeared before an audience of nine thousand five hundred as one of the most brilliant features of the Berkshire Festival.

This breath-taking success is no fluke; for, in addition to her knowledge of choral singing, Dorothy has many musical accomplishments. She plays the piano and the French horn. She understands orchestration. She can conduct an orchestra. She is a clever mimic and a good actress.

DOROTHY'S voice has a tremendous range, from low G to C above high C, all smooth as silk and without the hoarse chest tones characteristic of the Negro voice. She has none of the usual difficulty in changing from one register to another; for her all three registers are one, resulting in the mellifluous quality of the voice. She sings all types of music, lyric, dramatic, and coloratura, with equal ease. About a year ago, before she had appeared publicly in New York, Mr. Haughton wanted to try her voice in Carnegie Hall, so her manager arranged to get the great auditorium for an hour one morning. Among the twenty-five people present was the famous French singer, Eva Gauthier. When she saw the typed program arranged by Mr. Haughton, she exclaimed, "Ridiculous! *Nobody* can sing Je Suis Titania after Brunhilde's Call." "Wait till you hear Dorothy," Haughton said modestly. She *did* sing Je Suis Titania after the "Ho-yo-to-ho" and after the Liebestod from Tristan und Isolde as well, proving that even two of Wagner's most difficult arias could not daunt her. She knows Aïda perfectly; and the great aria from Louise, "Depuis le jour," which she sings with exquisite purity, has come to be identified with her—her theme song.

An almost infallible taste leads her, so her teachers say, to instinctively correct phrasing and interpretation. She has additional advantages—the extraordinary sense of rhythm, common to all her race, and the sensitive

Negro ear, which is naturally polyphonic—that is, it hears the *whole* chord. Because the spirituals are polyphonic the Negro has always heard music as *harmony;* where the average white singer hears only the top note of a chord, the Negro hears all four parts. Dorothy can also do all the vocal tricks peculiar to Negroes, the turns and inflections, not to be described or taught and absolutely impossible to the white singer; but these stunts are not used in "straight" singing.

Dorothy has an enormous capacity for work. She takes daily French and German lessons. She used to practice five or six hours a day until Mr. Haughton discovered the horrible fact and reduced her practice hours to two and a half. She has no "temperament," is easy to work with and quick to follow suggestions, if they don't conflict with her own well considered opinion.

Along with the assets of her musical race she has inherited its burdens as well. The difficulties of a young woman in her position are not to be minimized by rose-colored spectacles on an optimistic white nose. Dorothy has always associated easily with white people, and at social gatherings, where she is now the center of attraction, she carries herself without self-consciousness. But she has the usual problems, intensified perhaps because of her prominence. On tour, careful plans must be made for her stopping places. In Southern cities, where she is received with great acclaim, there are special seating arrangements for her huge mixed audiences. In New York she is well received. When she moved from Harlem to be nearer the center of musical life, it was not easy to find an apartment; but a few months ago, after her reputation was made, the manager of one of New York's oldest and finest hotels wrote that they would welcome her. She did not accept; she dislikes to be singled out from the rest of her people.

Undoubtedly her way has been made easier by those pioneer Negro artists, Roland Hayes, Marian Anderson, and Paul Robeson, whose careers have established a strongly favorable precedent on the concert stage and in the musical social life of the great cities. And there are three white men who help and advise her. One is Arpad Sandor, her Hungarian accompanist and coach, tremendously enthusiastic about her genius and completely lacking in color prejudice. The other two are, oddly enough, Southerners: her teacher, John Alan Haughton, is a Baltimorean; her manager, Lawrence Evans, comes from Atlanta.

Dorothy herself is keenly sensitive to the difficulties of her race and eager to help solve them. Fearful of the results of a book like Native Son, she is roused to indignation by Gone with the Wind, which, she says, gives an attractive one-sided picture of the culture and beauty of antebellum life in the South without even suggesting that all its riches, its charm and elegance, flourished on the blood of slaves.

The bright large living room of her Carnegie Hall studio apartment, where I visited her, is furnished in quiet taste, with a few upholstered pieces in soft blue and salmon pink—many of the slip covers and curtains she made herself. In this pleasant room Dorothy takes great pride. Here she is at ease and talks freely and well about books, music, impersonal matters. About herself, even with her oldest friends, she is extremely reticent. Normally simple, modest, and jolly, with a merry youthful laugh, she is publicity-shy, and if she suspects she is being interviewed she grows stiff like a nervous child.

Although she can now earn in an hour what she formerly lived on for a year, it apparently does not occur to her that she can buy almost anything she wants. She hates to bother with clothes. When a friend urged her to invest in a mink coat for this season's transcontinental tour, she said happily, "I've had my old muskrat repaired, and it looks so nice I certainly shan't need a new one."

If she has even an incomplete realization of the status she has already attained in the musical world, she certainly does not show it. She feels great admiration for Marian Anderson and has often heard her sing, and when she made her debut last fall received a telegram of congratulation from her. But when somebody asked her if she knew Miss Anderson, Dorothy's reply was characteristic: "I met her once, but I don't think she would remember me."

Consistent with Dorothy's simplicity is her most glowing attribute—her sincere humility toward her art. A reporter asked her the moth-eaten question, "What do you do with your day?" Now, Dorothy's waking hours are filled with work, work, more work, and if there's anything she hates it is to be asked what she does with her day. She promptly shut up. The reporter, thinking to help with a few suggestions, said, "I'm really interested to learn how you arrange your time. I know one artist who gets up very early to practice and then has a massage; another artist—" "But I'm not an artist," Dorothy Maynor interrupted gravely. "I'm just a student."

THE END

TURKEY CARVING HAS ITS HAZARDS... ESPECIALLY WHEN THUMB AND BLADE COLLIDE. ANY PAINFUL LITTLE INJURY THAT NEEDS A QUICK BANDAGE IS...
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PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

Unexpected Uncle

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote My Man Godfrey, The Girl Next Door, etc.

ON the front page, in modest type—the real headlines invariably being saved these days for gloomy matter—was a heading. It said: HAMILTON LABOR WAR SETTLED—RED AGITATORS BEATEN UP AS USUAL AFTER JOHNSON HAMILTON MERGES WITH EMPLOYEES, and then, in the regular type:

HAMILTON CITY, MASS., March 23 (AP.)—Workmen paraded through the streets here yesterday, carrying banners and placards proclaiming loyalty to Johnson (Johnsy) Hamilton who—with the aid of Horace Quenton, former union organizer from Oklahoma and now the husband of Carol West, prominent New York socialite—had just completed negotiations transferring fifty-one per cent of the Hamilton stock to employees of the firm. In an interview yesterday at his home, Hamilton discounted a gesture regarded by every one, except the Labor Relations Board, as magnificent. He said, "I have worked my heart out for these men for almost fifteen years. I thought it was time they let me be an equal partner." This was taken as a typical example of "Johnsy's" well known humor as he accepted chairmanship of the board, where he will continue to act in an advisory capacity.

When asked what he planned to do with the leisure time the transfer of management and control would give him, the humorous touch again came out. "I have a notion to raise white rabbits and learn to pitch horseshoes blindfolded," he said.

There was a lot more, but Kathleen read no further. She had seen enough to start her doing rain in Panama all over the paper. She turned to Mansley, who with the others had hurried over to the table at her cry and had been reading over her shoulder.

"Oh, Uncle Seton!" she said. "He's being noble and fine and brave and it must hurt him terribly to have done that." She gave the sniff and the gulp and stopped crying. "I shouldn't have left him," she said. "He's having a nervous breakdown to talk like that to reporters. He *mustn't* talk crazy like that. It doesn't *look* well."

Mansley was biting his lower lip to keep from smiling.

"Chick," he said, "why should a man want to raise white rabbits? Just what could he do with them?"

"*I* don't know—eat them, I suppose."

"No," said Mansley. "All he could do with them would be give them away—to people who liked white rabbits—like yourself, for instance." He put his arm around her shoulders. "You know, I think I'm the only real horseshoe pitcher Johnsy knows. You happen to love me. You get along fine with horseshoe pitchers—much better, for instance, than you get along with—shoe manufacturers."

Kathleen understood. Her eyes lighted up. "We've got to go to him," she said. "Tonight."

Mansley shook his head.

"Tomorrow," he said. "All our Eskimo clothes are in the trailer at Palm Beach."

His lips were wiggling again and he was trying to look guileless, but Kathleen didn't notice it. She just had a frightening thought.

"He might," she said, and gulped—"he might hate me now."

"Sure," said Mansley. "He might."

True love wins again as a girl's gay heart comes sailing home at last . . and a joyous novel ends

"Oh, Johnsy, I love you so much, it's awful!" wailed Kathleen.

"I'll bust him one if he does," said Tommy. "On the beezer. That guy makes me sick! He always turns up when Kathleen's beginning to get over him. He ought to know better."

Even Mr. and Mrs. Hargreave laughed. Then the deck steward came in again and announced the doctor, and a little later Mansley and Kathleen said good-by and got into the starboard launch and shot across the water to the city dock.

As they were taxiing to the garage where Mansley had parked his convertible, Kathleen had another thought, and gasped.

"Horace Quenton!" she said. "However did *he* get mixed up with this?" She paused, thinking. "I wonder could it be because Carol used to be in love with Johnsy and she's married to him?"

Mansley allowed himself a good sound chuckle. "Maybe she's still in love with Johnsy," he said, "and forced Quenton to go to Hamilton City and help him out."

The cab stopped at the garage. Mansley got out and paid the driver. "You go get the car, chick. I'm going to call up the motel and have 'em hook up the electricity."

He was still chuckling as Kathleen went on into the garage. She gave him a look. She was beginning to have a strong suspicion that she was being kidded and she wasn't quite sure she liked it.

THE motel on the ocean boulevard looked, as Mansley's convertible drove through the ornate gate, much as it had the first night Kathleen had come hurrying there to ask him to be her uncle. The floodlights were on and lights gleamed from the windows of the parked trailers. A wild gypsy-music effect came from the many radios. It made her feel squshy and sentimental. It was the first time she'd ever really come home from a trip, and it was exciting, even if they were going away again the next day.

The trailer, which Mansley had brought down from Hobe Sound before they went north, was parked in the same outlying section. It had been quite by itself before, but now another trailer, a super de luxe streamliner, forty feet long, was parked beside it. Under its striped marquee Carol and Horace Quenton were stretched in deck chairs. They each held a highball, and, like the traditional Englishman in the jungle, they were in evening clothes. As soon as they saw Mansley's car they waved, and when it stopped, Carol came over and leaned on the door.

"Cute, isn't it?" she said, nodding her head toward the trailer. "We drove down in it. Horace felt like what he calls roughing it. We thought you'd get in tonight. Especially after you phoned."

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Carol!" said Kathleen. "Did you read about Johnsy?"

Carol wrinkled her nose.

"Did we read about Johnsy! We were *there!*" And Quenton, who had joined them now, said, "I'll say we were. Why, I . . ."

"Ixnay on the ackscray," said Mansley quickly. He glanced pointedly at Quenton's dinner jacket. "You're beautiful, Horace."

Quenton blushed and rubbed one foot against the other. "Shucks," he said. "We got dressed up, figurin' to take you folks on a party."

Kathleen smiled at him.

"We go to parties whenever we get the chance," she said. "That's a beautiful trailer. Can I see inside?"

Kathleen wanted to see inside very much, but even more she wanted to get Carol alone and pump her about Johnsy. She tried to draw her aside as they walked across the little distance of sand to the marquee, but Carol wasn't having any of it. In fact she acted, Kathleen thought, very peculiarly indeed and not at all natural and like herself, and the thought crossed her mind that maybe Mansley hadn't been joking and maybe she still was in love with Johnsy. The thought had tormented her ever since he'd spoken of it.

"The crew are off for the evening," said Quenton.

"Oh, a crew?" said Mansley.

"Yes," said Carol, winking at him. "Horace likes to do things right. Don't you, dear?"

"Doggone!" said Quenton. "Quit pushin' me around. You know it isn't . . ."

"Hush, dear," said Carol. They were under the marquee and Carol turned to Kathleen. "You go first, baby."

Kathleen went up the two steps into the trailer. Mansley and Quenton had stopped and were chatting. It seemed a good chance to get Carol alone, so just inside the door she waited until Carol came up the steps, then she leaned over and whispered:

"I've got to know. Does—does Johnsy still—did he *say* anything about me?"

"Not a word," Carol said.

Kathleen blinked her eyes.

"I just wondered," she said. Then, "Carol"—they were still standing in the doorway— "I *have* to ask you: Are you still in love with him?"

Carol gave Kathleen a peculiar look. "Of course," she said. "I love him with every last little bit of me. He's so darn cute"—Kathleen began to tremble—"about his fancy clothes and things. He buys me flowers every day and won't let me watch him shave."

Color ran back into Kathleen's cheeks, overran them, for she felt a little ashamed of what she'd been thinking. She went on into the main

part of the trailer and her eyes glowed. It was twice the size of Mansley's and had a real living room and a completely separate bedroom. She went all over the living room, peeking into lockers and cooing, and then cooed at the kitchen and the bathroom. Then she went into the bedroom and let out a yelp of surprise, for on the dresser were all her own toilet things from Mansley's trailer, and the closet door stood open and she could see her fur coat and her evening dresses hanging there. But the thing that hit her hardest was that lying on the floor by one of the twin beds was the strip of artificial grass pathway that Johnsy had sent her at Hobe Sound, and there were fresh rose petals strewn over it. It made her feel awful. She took one look at it and began to bawl.

"By the way," Carol had to shout to make herself heard over Kathleen's crying, "this goes with it."

Kathleen rolled her eyes and turned and saw Johnsy standing in the hallway. He was looking at her with his twisted grin.

"I got a table at the Colony," he said. "I thought we'd better begin where we . . ." He broke off because Kathleen had started wailing louder than ever. Then he tried again. "*I got a table at the Colony!*" he shouted. "*I said I thought we'd better . . .*"

"Oh, Johnsy, I love you so much, it's awful!" wailed Kathleen.

"We can be married tonight," said Johnsy. "*I said we can be married tonight!*"

Kathleen nodded, but she couldn't stop crying. It was, in a way, the clearing storm.

MORNING found Seton Mansley lying late abed. He had with him one of the noblest hang-overs he had ever encountered. Things rattled and hammered inside his head. But he thought this hang-over was worth it. It would scarcely have been decent not to have had one this morning. After a little he realized that all of the rattling he heard was not inside his head. Some one was rattling the door of his trailer. He got up, stamped to the door and flung it open. As he'd half suspected, Tommy Hargreave stood outside. Mansley blew out his cheeks.

"What the hell do you mean, thundering and smashing and pounding on my door at the crack of . . ." Suddenly Mansley stopped. Humanitarian motives made him. He couldn't go on abusing a man who was about to learn what Mansley had to tell him. He said, in his soft voice, "Come on in, Tommy, and sit down."

Tommy came in, saw the trailer was once again a single room, went white, and sank down on Mansley's bed. Mansley went to the desk and hauled out a bottle of Old Grandad and two bar glasses. He filled them and handed one to Tommy. Then he sat down beside him on the bed.

"They were married last night," he said.

"I was afraid of that," Tommy said. "That guy!"

They were silent, sipped their drinks. Mansley began to feel a little better. They finished the drinks and he poured two more.

"I guess I wanted her to be happy more than anything else," said Tommy.

"I think you're a red-hot sport," said Mansley.

There was another silence.

"It's going to be lonely around here," said Mansley.

"I know," said Tommy. "Here's how, Mr. Mansley."

"Call me Uncle Seton," said Mansley.

They drank. Once again Mansley filled the glasses. Once again they sipped in silence. The bond of loneliness and the bond of Old Grandad that was between them grew. They had a great deal in common: a sense of mutual emptiness; a sense of darkness where there had been light.

"I'm going west," said Mansley, "soon as I get dressed. Way west."

"I'll go with you," said Tommy. "We can talk about her."

"She was very, very lovely," said Mansley. "She was a good niece to me." He shook his head to clear it. "What did you say?"

"I said we could talk about her."

"Before that."

"About going west. You said you were going west as soon as you got dressed." He laughed, "That's hard to say—dressed as soon as you get west. I muffed it that time."

"Yes," said Mansley. "You did."

"I said I'd go with you, if you like. I'd like to."

Mansley looked down at his toes, wriggled them. He was thinking, now that Kathleen had gone he'd have to get himself a stray pup or a cat or something. A stray Hargreave might do pretty well. Besides, the boy appealed to him. He was just dopey enough to be pretty smart about things.

"I haven't any uncle," said Tommy. "I've got most everything else, but no uncle."

"Me neither," said Mansley.

"I was thinking," said Tommy—"that if you got to be my uncle, I'd have the same uncle as Kathleen and that would make us related, sort of."

"Your family," said Mansley, "would raise hell."

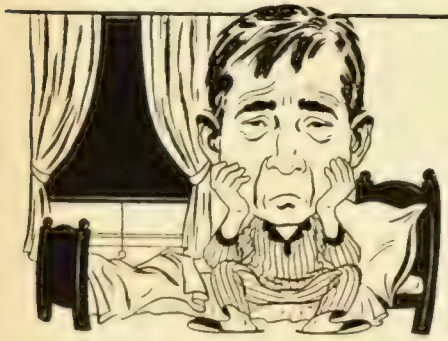
"Oh, on the contrary," said Tommy. "If you weren't so well off already, they'd pay you to take me, I think. I"—he hesitated—"I sort of embarrass them sometimes—being—stupid and things. But you wouldn't mind. You understand about things."

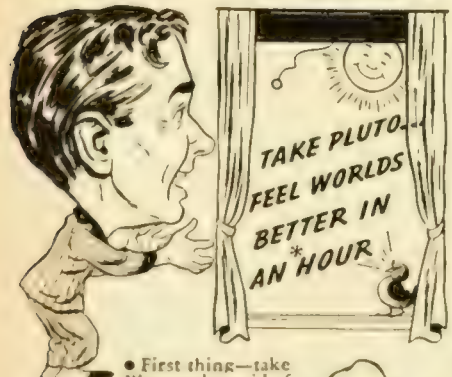
That was what really did it. Seton Mansley, for all his imagined toughness, was an awful softy. He stood up and held out his hand. Tommy also stood up and took the hand, which was just as well because he was a little teetery.

"I can stand it if you can," said Mansley.

THE END

LAST NIGHT WAS FULL OF FUN AND LAUGHTER BUT FRED FEELS LOUSY MORNING AFTER!





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WHEN NATURE WON'T — PLUTO WILL

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—The late Speaker of the House, William Bankhead, was known by that name to intimates.

2—The rocking chair.

3—In church calendars, saints' days are printed in red letters; hence, any day of importance.

4—The letter "e."

5—No. France began to build it in 1882. The United States purchased the uncompleted canal in 1904.

6—No. Experts value flawless emeralds higher.

7—Washington Irving, under the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker, wrote Knickerbocker History of New York. So "Father Knickerbocker" is often used as a nickname for New York City.

8—"Recipe," Latin for "take."

9—A race by horsemen across country, with a steeple as the goal.

10—"Neither cast ye your pearls before swine." The Bible: Matthew 7:6.

11—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

12—No. In different parts of the world the level varies. Just why, scientists are trying to find out.

13—There is no zero. The first recorded zero was in the ninth century A. D., in India.

14—They are the sound holes of a violin.

15—No. Essential oils are used in making medicines and perfume.

16—They were purchased for $20,000,000, with Puerto Rico and Guam.

17—That is where Man o' War now lives in luxury at the ripe old age of twenty-three.

18—"Vandalism" comes from the tribe of Vandals, notorious for their cruelty.

19—343,641.

20—Charles Wayland Bryan was the candidate for Vice-President. His brother was William Jennings Bryan.

THEIR COURAGE AND THEIR Dreams

Carmen Morales in The Long Voyage Home, a tough-fibered tale of men and the sea.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Hollywood and Eugene O'Neill give the screen a stark and valiant tale of terror and the sea

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

THE PLAYERS: John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Ian Hunter, Barry Fitzgerald, Wilfrid Lawson, Mildred Natwick, John Qualen, Ward Bond, Arthur Shields, Joseph Sawyer, J. M. Kerrigan, Rafaela Ottiano, Carmen Morales. Screen play by Dudley Nichols based on one-act plays by Eugene O'Neill. Directed by John Ford. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 104 minutes.

ONE of the really fine films of this or any year, yet one of possibly limited popularity. John Ford, the man who fashioned The Informer and Stagecoach in celluloid, has taken four Eugene O'Neill episodes of the sea. Dudley Nichols has welded these into a single narrative, keyed to the present war. Out of it Ford has developed a valiant film of singular beauty. Yet, because of its preoccupation with character rather than action, with mood rather than movement, The Long Voyage Home may stand in lonely isolation.

Ford has taken a little group of seamen, the motley crew of a dirty tramp freighter loaded with ammunition, has traced the course of the S. S. Glencairn through sub-infested, mined waters. It is stark stuff, this study of the men of the fo'c's'le, held together in their loyalties, their courage, their petty quarrels, even their tawdry dreams, by a strange kinship growing out of the isolation of the sea and the hovering terror. Ford has caught all this with singular cinematic skill. There is magnificence in these scenes of fog-blanketed harbors, of rough seas and airplane attack. The very odors of the old freighter are recorded in film.

Best of Ford's players is Thomas Mitchell as a truculent, roaring, drinking Irishman, Driscoll. Excellent, too, are Barry Fitzgerald as a viperish, eavesdropping little cockney steward, Ian Hunter as a lonely, tragic Englishman trying to forget his disgrace, Ward Bond as an inarticulate oaf who gives up his life without complaint. Women motivate the story only as memories or sordid lures, the only one to really cross the Ford canvas being a dirty waterfront slattern.

Tough-fibered, relentless in its probings of the shortcomings of man, this is as inconclusive and fumbling as life. Strong meat for the average audience, absorbing to the discerning observer. It's up to you.

VITAL STATISTICS: While an actual freighter was used for many scenes, John Ford constructed a facsimile of the Glencairn deck in the studio tank, whipped up as neat a gal as you could wish. Airplane propellers furnished the wind, waves were churned up, rain fell from overhead tanks, cameramen rode a big camera crane. . . . Dudley Nichols constructed four O'Neill plays into one. They are The Moon of the Caribbees, Bound East for Cardiff, The Long Voyage Home, and In the Zone. They were first produced on the stage of the old Provincetown Playhouse, New York City, years ago. . . . Thomas Mitchell's dad was a newspaperman in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where Tom was born. Father started his career in Dublin. Tom himself began as a cub reporter on the Newark Journal, at seventeen switched to the theater. For a time he was a Ben Greet player. Mitchell is known as an actor's actor, which means players stand around and watch his scenes, then applaud. . . . Ian Hunter was born in Cape Town, Union of South Africa. Dad a wine expert. Then the first World War. Ian's three older brothers joined up, but he was too young. In 1917 he was accepted, became a private in King Edward's Horse, saw two years' service. Went on the stage in 1919.

★ ★ ★ THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, William Gargan, Harry Carey, Frank Fay, Joe Bernard, Janet Fox, Karl Malden, Victor Kilian, Lee Tung-Foo. Screen play by Robert Ardrey based on Sidney Howard's drama. Directed by Garson Kanin. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 90 minutes.

THIS fifteen-year-old Pulitzer Prize play is filmed for the third time—and provides an expansive amphitheater for Charles Laughton to perform in an ornate and ample way. Laughton plays an Italian grape rancher of Napa County, California, who goes to San Francisco, sees a water-front waitress, visions her as his wife and the mother of a brood of children. When he returns home, he sends a proposal by mail, and she, lonely and tired of it all, accepts. Then, in the midst of a wedding fiesta, he falls and breaks both legs. While Tony is *hors de combat*, the girl, Amy, falls momentarily under the spell of an amorous ranch fore-

BY BEVERLY HILLS

man with disastrous results—and there you have the drama.

This saga of yearning and sinning in the grape country goes a bit beyond what was considered the Hays barriers. Praise be, there is no straining at social preachment. Sidney Howard's play still has a certain freshness and vitality for all its sordid fabric, Laughton has a gorgeous time acting expansively and exuberantly as the boisterous, inarticulate, forgiving Tony. Carole Lombard makes the shabby Amy fairly real and William Gargan lends considerable reality to the itinerant seducer of the vineyards. Not for little Willie.

VITAL STATISTICS: Filmed twice before, first as The Secret Hour ('28) with Pola Negri and Jean Hersholt. Originally produced on Broadway by the Theater Guild in 1924, won the Pulitzer Prize of 1925. Richard Bennett and Pauline Lord created the Laughton and Lombard parts. . . . Director Garson Kanin took Laughton, Carole, Bill Gargan, and the crew of this picture to Napa, a grape-raising community some forty miles from Frisco, for exterior shots. Also a group of reporters and photographers. The local band was to welcome the special train. Imagine the horror of the press department when, at the last moment, it was discovered there was no local band. So a professional orchestra was hired in San Francisco, transported to Napa, and decorated with big buttons bearing the word NAPA. Every one was fooled until the story leaked out later. . . . Charles Laughton has his first sympathetic role in five years. . . . Carole Lombard once played opposite Tom Mix and Buck Jones in Westerns. That was when she was first starting in films and was still going to Los Angeles High School between pictures. Carole broke twenty-one plates, three cups, seven saucers practicing to be a waitress, learning how to carry an arm's-length of dishes professionally.

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★ ★ ★ WORLD IN FLAMES

Documentary film, compiled largely from Paramount newsreel material. Written and documented by William C. Park. Voices: Gregory Abbott, Gilbert Martyn, Tom Chalmers. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 62 minutes.

HERE is an absorbing documentary film, presenting a panorama of the last fateful eleven years, from the speakeasy and boom days of '29 to the hovering horrors of today. Superbly edited, shot after shot from newsreels of the day tell the headline stories of the world. This, indeed, is the cavalcade of the dictators' rise to domination out of the desolation of the first World War. From the gilded era of Texas Guinan and Mayor Jimmy Walker, the cameras present a relentless parade. The civil war in Spain, Balbo's flying visit to America, the Japanese invasion of Manchukuo, Mussolini's grasping of power, the dawn of Hitler and Nazism, the Jap thrust into China, the German moves into the Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Scandinavian countries, the Lowlands, France—on to the Battle of Britain. The march of world disaster pauses now and then to show America's slowly gathering reactions. Through it all is a running comment. The cutting, the compilation, the dovetailing of events is expert and intelligent.

Better see this. It is bitter and devastating, but it shows a world going mad in scathing close-up.

★ ★½ A DISPATCH FROM REUTER'S

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Edna Best, Eddie Albert, Albert Basserman, Gene Lockhart, Otto Kruger, Nigel Bruce, Montagu Love, James Stephenson, Walter Kingsford, David Bruce, Dickie Moore, Billy Dawson, Richard Nichols, Lumsden Hare. Screen play by Milton Krims based on a story by Valentine Williams and Wolfgang Wilhelm. Directed by William Dieterle. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 90 minutes.

THIS life of Paul Julius von Reuter, the German who created the first bureau for the collecting and disseminating of telegraphic news, strains hard to work up interest and tenseness. That it doesn't achieve its purpose is due to several things. Reuter's career was none too exciting. In the role of the German news pioneer Eddie Robinson, without a gat in his hand and a sneer on his face, is just another actor.

I suspect this is an honest retelling of the Reuter career, but it isn't one that lends itself to compelling drama. Not that the producers do not try hard. They even go far afield to show the assassination of Lincoln in Ford's Theater in presenting one of Reuter's first news beats. Robinson isn't himself in this sort of role, Edna Best is colorless as his inspiration, the direction of William Dieterle is completely uninspired. I'm for getting Robinson back in his old gang hide-out as quickly as possible.

VITAL STATISTICS: When Eddie Robinson sits in the studio projection room watching his work, he always refers to himself as "that guy" or "this guy." "That guy's pretty good, ain't he?" is the way he snarls out his comments around his inevitable cigar. "He's pretty good at that love stuff. Look at the way he gives that dame the eye." . . . Reuter's sent Eddie a gold-plated certificate of honorary membership in the organization. . . . Edna Best always makes faces before she starts a scene. Otherwise, she says, she can't manage a natural smile or a normal expression . . . Director William Dieterle is a big fellow—six feet four, wears 11-D shoes, has a physique to match his feet. When the camera is grinding, his face and arms are going through every movement with each actor.

Short Review:

★ **HIT PARADE OF 1941** (Republic). One of those musical revues built about a broadcasting studio. Short on fresh comedy material, long on dull variety turns, and generally boring. (87 minutes.)

BERNARR MACFADDEN OLD AGE PENSION PLAN OFFER CLOSES

The number of Old Age Pension Plans submitted to Mr. Macfadden having covered so wide a variety of suggestions and having reached proportions where considerable time will be required for study and analysis of those on hand, no additional material is sought, and the offer is accordingly terminated in accordance with the original announcement.

Because of the research involved it is impossible to state at this time when the analysis will be finished, except to say that the work will be carried through with all possible speed.

In the meantime Mr. Macfadden wishes to thank all who have submitted plans on this subject for their co-operation and helpfulness.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent, Our Town, The Baker's Wife.

★★★½—The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels Over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days.

The World and the Prophets — What's Ahead?

Prophetic symbols were built into the Pyramid's structure.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold."

SINCE that Thursday morning in October, 1929, when the bottom dropped out of the financial world, astrologists, numerologists, graphologists, phrenologists, and all the other ists who claim to listen in on God have been prophesying dire doings on this mortal sphere.

We may not believe in the occult, the supernatural. Of course we don't. But because so many of the pesky things they prophesied have seemed to come true, none of us can be sure that what is phophesied for the future will *not* happen.

The purpose of this discussion is not to give added weight to these auguries through repetition, except in so far as it may help briefly to analyze and appraise them for what they are and to compare their vague forebodings with the facts we already know—a comparison which is happily more encouraging than many occultists would have us believe.

That there may be complete impartiality in setting forth this comparison, occultists and realists will be accorded equal opportunity to express their views, the aim being to present not one writer's opinion but a symposium of the considered viewpoints of many writers on a subject which concerns us all.

The number of these alleged prophecies which cause so many people so much uneasiness is legion; but, so far as they affect our interests as Americans, they have been reduced

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

by Barbara Maclaren, a student of such matters, to the following:

"During 1942-49 there will be fires and violent destruction to the homes of our people, increase in crime, accidents and wrecks, attacks on institutions and religions.

"These years will mark a period of military aggression and warfare.

"This nation will be engaged during these critical years in defending its own hearthstones.

"In some way it will be divided against itself.

"These fateful seven years will mark the end of nationalism and the nationalistic theory of government throughout the world.

"The United States will be in a position, for the first time in history, to scrap armaments.

"There will be a unified Europe and a unified Asia.

"There will be no governmental divisions other than continental.

"There will be a complete collapse of the power of money.

"By 1949 we shall have a totally different civilization that will look back on this period as the Dark Ages."

From science, savant, and seer alike . . here's hope!

There is nothing especially new in the general prophecy of a changed world. That we have now reached or are about to reach the end of an era—perhaps the end of what we loosely call present-day civilization—savants and seers agree. The former base their opinion on observation of present-day conditions in relation to known facts about the rise and fall of the great civilizations of the past; the latter, on the relation of one planet to another in the heavens, or, perhaps, on the relation of one number to another in a long-hidden chamber of an Egyptian Pyramid.

The Pyramid prophecies, widely quoted of late because their ancient Egyptian makers seem to have foreseen the period of disaster through which we are now living, promise also a period of constructive action in which we will solve most of the problems which now beset us. Less ancient, and seemingly more credible, is the theory of the cosmosogonists, who believe that wars and evils generally befall us when cosmic dust falls on the earth, but that peace and progress reign when the fall stops.

"It is a known scientific fact," writes Wing Anderson in his book of prophecy, The Next Nine Years, "that cosmic dust has been falling

for many years and is falling at this time.

"From several sources it has been determined that the earth will come out of this cloud of dust in the year 1947. It is at this time that we may expect great spiritual manifestations and rapid change from the emotions of greed and aggressiveness, which seem to be universal, to the more constructive emotions of brotherly love and tolerance."

Modern scholars of the realistic type are less venturesome than the idol worshipers and the pseudo-scientists as to the exact date when what Alexis Carrel calls "the renovating of the civilized" is to begin, but are even more definite as to its clearing up present world conditions. Writes the great Oriental, Lin Yutang, author of The Importance of Living:

"After war and destruction the generous instinct for peaceful living, the creative forces of human ingenuity will restore Europe in an amazingly short period. . . . Nothing is lost if man is not lost."

Because of the fact that man now has the tools with which to work, scientists believe that his progress from one civilization to another throughout ages to come will be more than ever a triumphant one, until the human race shall at last have attained equilibrium—a glorious state in which we will all be perfectly adjusted to our environment and live happily some three thousand years!

It must be admitted that some of the means by which world change is to be brought about, as set forth by the ists, sound formidable.

"Violent destruction," "increase in crime," "military aggression," "the end of nationalism," "complete collapse of the power of money"—those are fighting words, even when spoken by necromancers.

But of too definite and too timely prophecies we should be politely skeptical—a piece of advice which the more conscientious occultists will be the first to echo.

GRANTING, for the sake of argument, that the premises on which the ists base their present predictions have been accurately recognized, there remain the two factors of interpretation and understanding, which allow opportunity for a wide margin of error.

For example, it may be true, as Dr. Brown Landone maintains in his interesting book on The Prophesies of Melchi-Zedek, that there are forty-seven symbols "built into the structure of the [Great] Pyramid 3947 years before either Germans or English existed as distinct peoples," which accurately, even mathematically, "prophesy conditions today, their causes, and how to transform them." But when we follow Dr. Landone into his very able and exceedingly plausible explanation of some of these symbols, we see right away how much depends on the mental slant of the man who reads them.

"First, in one group there are symbols of weakness, and of freely changing groups of man-masses, and many, many sounds, and action signs diverging and never meeting anywhere! Is this true today? Freely changing masses of man exist only in democracies. Much sound—talk, talk, talk. Weakness due to talk; with no focus of action-power anywhere. That is a fair picture of democracy today. . . . In another group, the symbols of mass-sound disappear, when they are under action symbols, which focus powerfully at four points. This also is true today — mass-sound — discussion of the masses has disappeared, under action, when it is focused in four powerful dictatorships."

In short, the student of the life and times of Melchi, King of Salem, comes upon certain "action" hieroglyphics which *he* interprets in terms of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and Hirohito of Japan. Natural, of course. We do most of our thinking now in terms of dictators. But we do well to recall there are other forces in the world. A seer interpreting these same symbols a hundred years ago in terms of world politics would have had in mind, not Hitler and his fellow dictators, but Napoleon.

WHEN it comes to applying 4,000-year-old symbols to the social and economic theories of modern life, the interpreter looms so large that the resulting predictions are obviously conditioned largely by the matters with which his own mind is at the moment concerned. For example, many believe that most of our present-day ills are due to the replacement of man labor by the automatic machine. The author of The Prophesies of Melchi-Zedek is one such. So it was inevitable he should interpret certain symbols of the Pyramid in terms of the modern assembly line:

"There is one group of number symbols of speed-up movement in air, resolving into almost zero space-time. Is this coming true today? Certainly the speed of movement in air—the airplane—is cutting down space-time to almost zero. Then in another group, there are symbols of man-effort disappearing, with a speed-up movement which multiplies and re-multiplies forms. It is amazing that the mystics of old . . . could prophesy that man-work is disappearing with the speed-up of new machines which multiply and remultiply things."

The conclusion that we have reached the end of one kind of civilization and are about to enter upon another may be accepted as the conclusion of an intellectually honest ist. Moreover, the same signs that indicate this change may also be interpreted to mean that it will be brought about by some such series of disturbances as are set forth in the ten-point program of the ists.

But to go further—to say that the result of these disturbances will mark the end of nations, the coming of a world divided by continents instead of by races, the disappearance of armaments and the emergence of a political economy in which some form of money will play no important part—is guessing or wishful thinking. But that such conditions *may* come as the result of the pending tradition, no informed person will deny.

European thinkers like H. G. Wells, who reject as a dream the Communist ideal of a "dictatorship of the proletariat," nevertheless foresee "a new order" in which armaments will be illegal, and every person will be guaranteed decent shelter, food, clothing, employment, and an opportunity to better himself by the only standard the community will respect: service to society.

THE answers given by leaders of current thought to the important question of mankind's ultimate destiny are many and various, but in the final analysis they all get down to the one which Mr. Wells gave: service to society. And with this answer the ists wholly agree.

In a world in which machines can do the work of hundreds of men, and where man therefore cannot make a living producing the necessities of life by his own labor, he will turn his energies not only to the production of comforts but, more important, to advancing the use of such comforts.

The form of service to which each of us would be fitted, in a life based primarily on service instead of on matter, would vary just as the trades to which we are fitted vary now.

We couldn't all go in for perfecting means for the artificial breeding of babies or for the lengthening of human life; but some of us would, and with every prospect of success.

Alexander Graham Bell, who was no more of a farmer than most of us who read these lines, started experiments fifty years ago on a bleak Nova Scotia hillside which have now resulted in a breed of sheep which produce twin lambs instead of singles, and thus make possible the production of twice as much warm wool and twice as many filling lamb chops. Who knows? In a world of service, it may be your good luck or mine to teach cows to produce quintuplets!

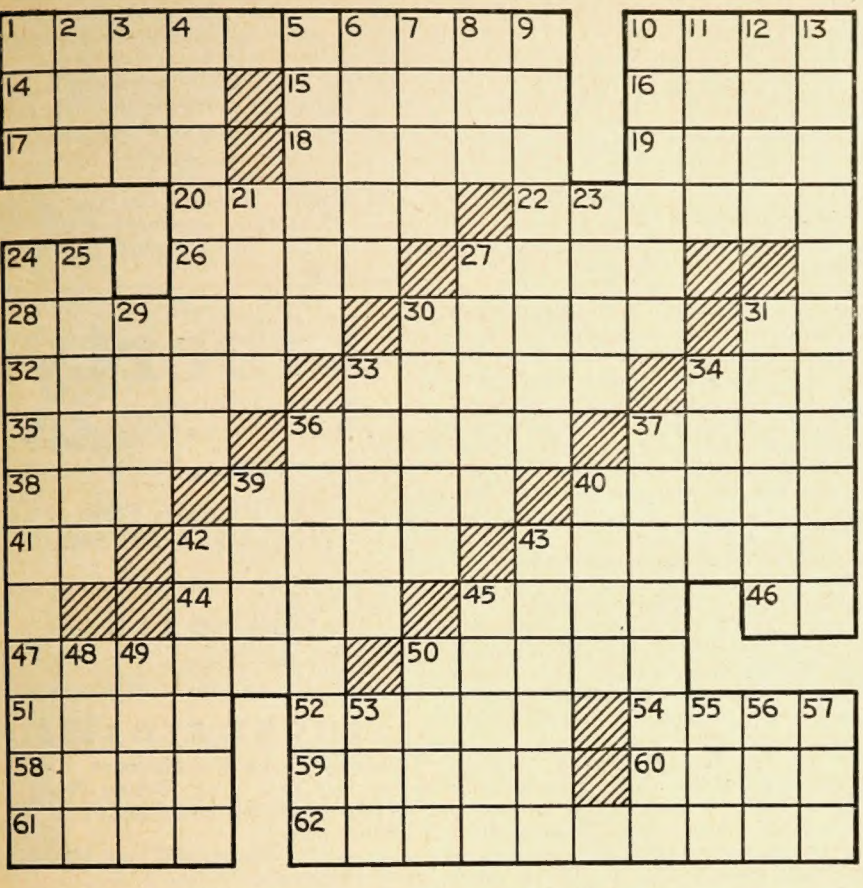
Anyhow, each of us has some one problem which we consider more important than all the others, and once we are no longer judged by the amount of money we accumulate but by the amount of service we render, we will turn to that problem and devote ourselves to its solution.

We should not despair, either, if our task seems too great for our known abilities. Theodore Roosevelt used to say, "I am only an average man, but, by George, I work harder at it than the average man."

The main thing for us to remember, therefore, when the prophets of evil come around, is that "nothing is lost if man is not lost." If we cling to that thought, we can still say with old King Hassan: "Tomorrow, friends, will be another day!"

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Martian musicales —every soldier will have to answer for them (two words)
10 Dome didies
14 Early Byzantine pottage enthusiast
15 The 'umble pretender
16 Low-down financial evil's headquarters
17 Long-stemmed American beauties (abbr.)
18 Old Blue from Virginia's higher-ups
19 Sweeten the pot with a hunk of dough
20 Places Captain Kidded around
22 He made quite a prophet in his day
24 A short cold spell
26 What a cockney ostrich does when he buries his head
27 The dry-cleaner's pooch
28 Needlepoint murals on human backgrounds (var.)
30 What lady rustlers do in ballrooms
31 How to tell one end of a frankfurter from another
32 National pastime of prewar France
33 What romance brings and marriage ends
34 Leaning Room Only (abbr.)
35 Flowery doughnuts
36 Beet up (is my face red over this one!)
37 What the village belles do at the swimming hole on hot Sundays
38 What goo-voiced announcers advertising headache cures make me
39 Squares things up
40 Pellagra palace
41 Add a prominent higher-up and this becomes a rich man—otherwise it's a bit of a darn fool
42 Tar containers
43 Capital spot in British Honduras
44 What the Efts named their boy
45 A hold-up at the bridge
46 Fonetic fumble
47 Most of the present war has been fought with them
50 Kids make a sucker out of this kind of pop
51 This has no depth to it
52 What sports announcers who fumble the verbal ball make me
54 A word from Johnny at bedtime
58 Quveschunned in Cherman-American (or contended in English)
59 When should England surrender?
60 It's long and black and windy and full of stops
61 Best known country club in Connecticut
62 The 1941 model is very feminine, has a nice paint job, beautiful upholstery, graceful lines, and appeals especially to men (two words)

VERTICAL

1 You'll find a lazy man's dog at the bottom of this
2 What you can always find for a dollar
3 Chop-chop with the jaws (fem.)
4 Boy, is this kind of gal peachy!
5 These will be displayed prominently by dangerous women
6 The ram that looks down on Fordham
7 Kellies
8 What we mustn't let defense do
9 How Lamb felt when he was bawled out by the Mrs.
10 Man of mistery who spooks for himself
11 Things ambitious electricians have a lot of in the fire
12 He gave the Romans the sack
13 The Giants' pants presser (two words)
21 Boy, does this smell!
23 Red net
24 It's been keeping up a running fight with the British (two words)
25 Horses with ingrown saddles
27 They've been watching people for years
29 Labor's biggest job is to do away with this
30 Just oodles and oodles and oodles
31 Winter song: "— a jolly good fellow!"; my favorite anti (does she smell of alcohol!)
33 Kind of man who is forever making a point
34 Jake's boy
36 Common pastime of cows and bookworms
37 A little wiggle
39 It'll soon be decoration day for this
40 One place you never have to use antifreeze
42 Something Hitler is afraid to order
43 What the Spanish dancer wriggled on before she got a wiggle on
45 A North American Pole
48 That silkworm
49 A dizzy spell
50 This was considered hot stuff around Pompeii
53 Rouge Eyebrow-pencil Lipstick (abbr.)
55 This belted the Japanese emperor in the middle (abbr.)
56 A bit of a cook
57 Am. —— & —— (it's a stock expression, folks)

Last week's answer

B	A	S	I	C		P	I	N	T	S		D	O	R	I	C
A	R	O	M	A		A	D	O	R	E		I	R	E	N	E
B	E		P	R	A	T	E		A	D	A	G	E		A	D
E	N	D		A	X	I	S		M	A	G	I		O	N	E
S	A	R	A	C	E	N			T	O	T	A	L	E	D	
			E	M	U		A	L	A	T	E		A	D	O	
F	L	A	I	L	S		E	N	E		A	L	I	N	E	S
L	A	R	D		T	E	N	D	E	R	S		T	A	M	P
A	T			E	A	T		M	A	T				M	I	
M	I	C	E		E	R	I	N	I	T	E		S	T	E	T
E	N	A	M	E	L		G	I	N		R	A	M	A	T	E
		M	I	L		V	O	L	G	A		N	U	B		
N	E	P	T	U	N	E			W	R	I	T	E	R	S	
A	S	S		D	O	N	E		S	H	A	M		S	A	T
I	I		P	E	R	I	L		L	I	G	A	N		G	O
L	O	W	E	R		C	A	R	O	L		T	A	P	E	R
S	P	E	W	S		E	N	A	T	E		E	P	O	D	E

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Miseries of HEAD COLDS

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The Coming Battle for Jerusalem

FULTON OURSLER

I AM TOLD by scholars that the word Jerusalem means "place of peace." Certainly the city has lived up to its name but seldom in all the thousands of years of its history. The last time I was in Palestine, about two years ago, the Jews and Arabs were killing each other every day. We crossed the border on the north, entering from Syria, and were escorted from the frontier to the Holy City by British soldiers in armored cars with swivel-action machine guns. Guards patrolled the narrow streets of Tiberias and Nazareth, where Jesus was a carpenter; from one end of the country to the other the air smelled of death. What is the matter with man that his noblest dreams send him to his most ignoble doings? Here in the city of the old yellow walls, in Jerusalem the Golden, are concentrated the highest reaches of human vision of three great groups of humanity. Here the Jews had three great temples and David and Solomon reigned in their great glory. So it is holy ground to the Jews. Here Mohammed performed great works, so it is holy ground to the Arabs. Here our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, drove the money-changers from the Temple, was tried and condemned to death by the Sanhedrin of the Jews, suffered scourging under Pilate, and crucifixion on Calvary. So it is a very holy place to all Christians. Yet the Jews and the Arabs quarrel and the sects of Christians quarrel among themselves. Why is that? Why, since religion is supposed to bring man closer to God, Who is good and kind, is not this very religious place called Jerusalem, place of peace, a shrine of peace and good will?

THE ARABS TOLD ME one story, the Jews another, the Christians still another. All have their side, and it sounds convincing until you hear the next one. Now conflict fiercer than ever seems on the way to the lifted gates of Jerusalem. Pierre van Paassen, in a Liberty article next week called The Coming Battle for Jerusalem, predicts the fate in store for the often beleaguered capital. Where the blood of so many armies has been spilled—Romans, Crusaders, Turks, all down the bloody sluice of history—more war is coming. Here is a prediction of what is ahead in the Near East that you will find not only fascinating but soundly informative.

DEATH WAITS FOR A LADY: That is the title of a gripping new tale of passion and mystery, by Whitman Chambers, which starts in the next issue. The hard-pointed, realistic charm of Mr. Chambers' yarns has long made him a prime Liberty favorite. Here he is at his best. And there is a brace of fine shorter fiction pieces for good measure. Especially I recommend This Time Next Year, by Lucile Driftmier; and Another Woman to Love, by Mabel Brown Farwell. Other features on our preferred list are: Was the Election a Mandate? by Walter Karig; Do We Know Where We're Going? by Merle Thorpe; When I Hang Up My Gloves, by Joe Louis; Will Hollywood Give Up Intelligence? by William Dieterle; and another fine piece by George Jean Nathan on the current Broadway theater.

SALMAGUNDI: Enjoyed a pleasant week-end recently with George E. Sokolsky, and we talked a great deal about China. "Sok" has wonderful tales to tell about some of the friends I made while in the Flowery Kingdom, especially Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, his lovely wife, and her brother, T. V. Soong. But, most wonderful of all, he let me read a piece he wrote for the Atlantic Monthly about his first wife, who was Chinese. It was a noble tribute to a great lady, and "Sok" said he was so glad it was printed before she died, so that she could read it. A new little daughter has just been born in the Sokolsky home and she is named for the first and second wives—Dorothy Rosalind. . . . Appeared on the Command Performance radio hour with two old friends, Arthur Garfield Hays and Homer Croy, and two new ones, Erskine Caldwell and his bride, Margaret Bourke-White. A good time was had by all. . . . From Walter Karig: "Two terribly demoralizing events have knocked me all of a heap. I have been asked to serve on the local draft board—and I can remember when I was too young to be drafted; now I'm fit only to send other guys into uniform. That's bad enough. On top of that I became a grandfather of a 7 lb. 6 oz. boy on October 1. A grandfather at 42! Anyhow, the lad's legs look as if he will fit a horse immediately.

"'Well, I must bring this letter to a close now' because I am going over to apply for a prematurely old age pension."

W. K. by W. K.

. . . Adventures of a White-Collar Man, by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., in collaboration with Boyden Sparkes, is the autobiography of one of the truly great industrialists in American history. It is also, happily, a whale of a good story. . . . A book called South Dakota: Fifty Years of Progress, gave me a nostalgic thrill; years ago, I beheld some of the wonders of the Black Hills and the great prairies. To Governor Bushfield: Answering your question, the book did a good job of making me wish I were going to see your great state again. . . . To Julia Deal Lewis, editor of Catholic Women: Glad to have your reprint of Blitzkrieg Made in U. S. A., by Walter Karig. . . . About six months ago General Robert Lee Bullard pointed out in Liberty that the United States of America had no field army staff. Only the other day Uncle Sam established a staff. Better late than never, say we. . . . Congratulations to the Daughters of the American Revolution for the magnificent golden-anniversary issue of their National Historic Magazine. It is an editing and publishing job of which any one might be proud. . . . Little History Lessons, No. 3: Perhaps the most marked characteristic of the Greeks was their love of local autonomy and their aversion to anything like imperial rule. This corresponds to the now almost extinct belief in states' rights in the changing U. S. A.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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COVER BY JOHN RANDOLPH

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE MALLARD

TED: This painting really shows the plumage of the mallard duck to good advantage.

NED: Yes, but it would be bad news for Mr. Mallard's family if a hawk came along.

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NED: It sure is. The ducks are so perfectly blended with the rushes you have to look sharp to see them.

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